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BY WILLIAM VERRINDER.

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Literature and Miscellanies.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

THE PRIZE TALES.—A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

By Miss HARRIET E. BEECHER.

And so—I am to write a story—but of what and where? Shall it be radiant with the sky of Italy, or eloquent with the beau ideal of Greece? Shall it breathe odor and languor from the orient; or chivalry from the occident? or quiet from France; or vigor from England? No—no—these are all too old—too story like—too obviously picturesque for me. No—let me turn to my own land—my own New England—the land of bright fires and strong hearts: the land of *deeds* and not of words: the land of fruits and not of flowers—the land often spoken against, yet always respected—‘the latchet of whose shoes, the nations of the earth are not worthy to unloose.’

Now, from this very heroic apostrophe, you may suppose that I have something very heroic to tell. By no means. It is merely a little introductory breeze of patriotism, such as occasionally brushes over every mind, bearing on its wings the remembrance of all we ever loved or cherished, in the land of our early years; and if it should seem to be rhodomantado to any people on this side of the mountains, let them only imagine it to be said about ‘Old Kentuck,’ or any other corner of the world in which they happened to be born, and they will find it quite rational, and to the point.

But as touching our story, it is time to begin. Did you ever see the little village of Newbury, in Connecticut? I dare say you never did; for it was just one of those out of the way places where nobody ever came, unless they came on purpose—a green little hollow—wedged like a bird’s nest between half a dozen high hills, that kept out foreigners; so that the little place was as straitly ‘sui generis’ as if there were not another in the world. The inhabitants were all of that respectable old standfast family who make it a point to be born, bred, married, die, and be buried, all in the self same spot.

There were just so many houses, and just so many people lived in them; and nobody ever seemed to be sick or to die either—at least, while I was there. The natives grew old, till they could not grow any older, and then they stood still, and lasted from generation to generation. There was, too, an unchangeability about all the externals of Newbury. Here was a red house, and there was a brown house, and across the way was a yellow house; and there was a straggling rail fence or a tribe of mullen stalks between. The parson lived here, and squire Moses lived there, and deacon Hart lived under the hill, and Messrs Nadad and Abihu Peters lived by the cross road, and the old ‘widder’ Smith lived by the meetinghouse, Ebenezer Camp kept a shoemaker’s shop on one side, and Patience Moseley kept a milliner’s shop in front, and there was old Comfort Scram who kept store for the whole town, and sold axe-heads, brass thimbles, liquorice ball, fancy handkerchiefs, and every thing else you can think of. Here too, was the general post-office, where you might see letters curiously folded, directed wrong side upward, stamped with a thimble, and superscribed to some of the Dollys, or Pollys, or Peters, or Moseleys, aforenamed, or not named. For the rest, as to manners, morals, arts and sciences, the people in Newbury always went to their parties at three o’clock in the afternoon, and came home before dark, always stopped all work the minute the sun was down on Saturday night, always went to meeting on Sunday, had a school house with all the ordinary inconveniences, where in neighborly charity with each other, read their bibles, feared their God, and were content with such things as they had—the best philosophy, after all. Such was the place into which master James Benton made an eruption in the year eighteen hundred and no matter what.

Now this James is to be our hero; and he is just the hero for a sensation; at least so you would have thought, if you had been in Newbury the week after his arrival. Master James was one of those whole hearted energetic yankees, who rise in the world as naturally as cork does in the water. He possessed a great share of that characteristic national trait, so happily denominated ‘cuteness,’ which signifies an ability to do every thing without trying, and to know every thing without learning, and to make more use of one’s *ignorance* than other people do of their knowledge. This quality in James was mingled with an elasticity of animal spirits, a buoyant cheerfulness of mind, which though found in the New England character, perhaps as often as anywhere else, is not ordinarily regarded as one of its distinguishing traits.

As to the personal appearance of our hero, we have not much to say of it—not half so much as the girls in Newbury found it necessary to remark, the first Sabbath that he shone out in the meeting house. There was a saucy frankness of countenance, a knowing roguery of eye, a joviality and prankishness of demeanor, that was wonderfully captivating especially to the ladies.

It is true that master James had an uncommonly comfortable opinion of himself, a full faith that there was nothing in creation, that he could not learn, and could not do; and this faith was maintained with an abounding and triumphant joyfulness, that fairly carried your sympathies along with him, and made you feel quite as much delighted with his qualifications and prospects, as he felt himself. There are two kinds of self sufficiency—one is amusing, and the other is provoking. His was the amusing kind. It seemed in truth to be only the buoyancy and overflow of a vivacious mind, delighted with every thing that is delightful, in himself or others. He was always ready to magnify his own praise, but quite as ready to exalt his neighbor, if the channel of discourse ran that way: his own perfections being more completely within his knowledge, he rejoiced in them more constantly; but if those of any one else came within the same range, he was quite as much astonished and edified as if they had been his own.

Master James, at the same time of his transit to the town of Newbury, was only eighteen years of age; so that it was difficult to say which predominated in him most—the boy, or the man. The belief that he could, and the determination that he would, be something in the world, had caused him to abandon his home, and with all his worldly effects tied in a blue cotton pocket handkerchief, to proceed to seek his fortune in Newbury. And never did stranger in yankee village rise to promotion with more unparalleled rapidity, or boast a greater plurality of employment. He figured as schoolmaster all the week, and as chorister on Sundays, and taught singing and reading in the evenings, besides studying Latin and Greek—nobody knew when—with the minister; thus fitting for college, while he seemed to be doing every thing else in the world, besides.

James understood every art and craft of popularity, and made himself mightily at home in all the chimney corners of the region round about; knew the geography of every body’s cider barrel and apple bin—helping himself and every one else, therefrom, with all bountifulness—rejoicing in the good things of this life, devouring the old ladies dough nuts and pumpkin pies, with most flattering appetite, appearing equally to relish every body and thing that came in his way.

The degree and versatility of his acquirements was truly wonderful. He knew all about arithmetic and history; and all about catching squirrels and planting corn; made poetry, and hoe handles, with equal celerity; wound yarn and took out grease spots for old ladies, and made nosegays and nicknacks for young ones; caught trout Saturday afternoons and discussed doctrines on Sundays, with

equal adroitness and effect. In short Mr James moved on through the place

‘Victorious,
Happy and glorious.’

welcomed and privileged by every body in every place; and when he had told his last ghost story, and fairly flourished himself out of doors, at the close of a long winter’s evening, you might see the hard face of the good man of the house still phosphorescent with his departing radiance, and hear him exclaim in a paroxysm of admiration, that ‘Jemmes’ talk re’ly did beat all—that he was certainly most a miraculous cre’tur!

It was wonderfully contrary to the buoyant activity of Master James’ mind, to keep a school. He had, moreover, so much of the boy and the rogue in his composition, that he could not be strict with the iniquities of the curly pates, under his charge; and when he saw how determinately every little heart was boiling over with mischief and motion, he felt in his soul more disposed to join in and help them to a regular frolic, than to lay justice to the line, as was meet. This would have made a sad case, had it not been that the activity of the master’s mind communicated itself to his charge, just as the reaction of one brisk little spring, will fill a manufactory with motion; so that there was more of an impulse towards study in the golden good-natured day of James Benton, than in the time of all that went before or came after him.

But when ‘school was out,’ James’ spirits foamed over as naturally as a tumbler of soda water, and he could jump over benches, and burst out of doors, with as much rapture as the veriest little elf in his company. Then you might have seen him stepping homeward, with a most felicitous expression of countenance, occasionally reaching his hand through the fence for a bunch of currants, or over it after a sunflower, or bursting into some back yard to help an old lady empty her wash tub, or stopping to pay his devours to aunt this, or mistress that;—for always kept the sunny side of the old ladies.

We shall not answer for James’ general flirtations, which were sundry and manifold; for he had just the kindly heart that fell in love with every thing in feminine shape that came in his way, and if he had not been blessed with an equal faculty for falling out again, we do not know what ever would have become of him. But at length he came into an abiding captivity, and it is quite time that he should; for having devoted thus much space to the illustration of our hero, it is fit we should do something in behalf of our heroine; and therefore we must beg the reader’s attention while we draw a diagram or two, that will assist him in gaining a right idea of her.

Do you see yonder brown house, with its broad roof sloping almost to the ground on one side, and a great unsupported sunbonnet of a pinza shooting out, over the front door? You must often have noticed it; you have seen its tall well sweep, relieved against the clear evening sky, or observed the feather beds and bolsters, lounging out of its chamber windows on a still summer morning; you recollect its gate, that swung with a chain and great stone; its pantry window, latticed with little brown slabs, and looking out upon a forest of bean poles. You remember the zephyr that used to play among its pea brush, and shake the long tassels of its corn patch, and how vainly any zephyr might essay to perform similar flirtations with the considerate cabbages, that were solemnly vegetating, near by. Then there was the whole neighborhood of purple leaved beets, and feathery carrots and parsnips; there were the billows of gooseberry bushes rolled up by the fence, interposed with rows of quince trees, and far off in one corner, was one little patch penitulously devoted to ornament, which flamed with marigolds, poppies, snappers, and four o’clocks. Then there was a little box by itself with one rose geranium in it, which seemed to look around the garden as much like a stranger as a French dancing master in a yankee meeting house.

That is the dwelling of uncle Timothy Griswold. Uncle Tim, as he was commonly called, had a character that a painter would sketch for its lights and contrasts, rather than its symmetry. He was a chestnut burr, abounding with briars without, and with substantial goodness within. He had the strong grained practical sense, the calculating worldly wisdom, of his class of people in New England; he had too a kindly heart, but the whole strata of his character was crossed by a vein of surly petulance, that half way between joke and earnest, colored every thing that he said and did.

If you asked a favor of uncle Tim, he generally kept you arguing half an hour, to prove that you really needed it, and to tell you that he could not all the while be troubled with helping one body and another, all which time you might observe him regularly making his preparations to grant your requests, and see by an odd glimmer of his eye, that he was preparing to let you hear the ‘conclusion of the whole matter,’ which was ‘well—well—I guess—I’ll go on the *hell*—I suppose I must at least’—so off he would go and work while the day lasted, and then wind up with a fare-well exhortation ‘not to be a’ callin’ on your neighbors when you could get along without.’ If any of uncle Tim’s neighbors were in any trouble, he was always at hand to tell them ‘that they shouln’t a’ done so,’ that ‘it was strange they couldn’t had more sense,’ and then to close his exhortations by laboring more diligently than any, to bring them out of their difficulties, groaning in spirit meanwhile that folks would make people so much trouble.

‘Uncle Tim, father wants to know if you will lend him your hoe today?’ says a little boy, making his way across a corn field.

‘Why dont your father use his own hoe?’
‘Our’n is broke.’
‘Broke? how came it broke?’
‘I broke it yesterday, trying to hit a squirrel.’

‘What business had you to be hittin’ squirrels with a hoe? say?’
‘But father wants to borrow yours.’
‘Why dont he have that mended? It’s a great pest to have every body usin’ a body’s things.’

‘Well, I can borrow one somewhere else, I suppose,’ says the suppliant. After the boy has stumbled across the ploughed ground and is fairly over the fence, uncle Tim calls—
‘Halloa, there, you little rascal! what you goin’ off without the hoe for?’

‘I didn’t know as you meant to lend it.’
‘I didn’t say I would’nt, did I? Here, come and take it—stay—I’ll bring it, and do you tell your father not to be a’ lottin’ you hunt squirrels with his hoes next time.’

Uncle Tim’s household consisted of aunt Sally his wife, and an only son and daughter; the former, at the time our story begins, was precisely as clever, as easy to be entreated, and kindly in externals, as her helpmate was the reverse. She was one of those respectable pleasant old ladies, whom you might often have met on the way to church on a Sunday, equipped with a great fan, and a psalm book, and carrying some dried orange peel, or a stalk of fennel, to give to the children if they were sleepy in meeting.

She was cheerful and domestic as the tea kettle that sung by her kitchen fire, and slipped along among uncle Tim’s angles and peculiarites, as if there never was any thing the matter in the world; and the same mantle of sunshine seemed to have fallen on Miss Grace, her only daughter.

Pretty in her person, and pleasant in her ways, endowed with native self-possession and address, lively and chatty, having a mind and will of her own, yet goodhumored withal, Miss Grace was a universal favorite. It would have puzzled a city lady to understand how Grace, who never was out of Newbury in her life, knew the way to speak and act, and behave, on all occasions, exactly as if she had been taught how. She was just one of those

wild flowers which you sometimes may see waving its little head in the woods, and looking so civilized and garden like, that you wonder if it really did come up and grow there by nature. She was an adept in all household concerns, and there was something amazingly pretty in her energetic way of bustling about, and 'putting things to rights.' Like most yankee damsels, she had a longing after the tree of knowledge, and having exhausted the literary fountains of a district school, she fell to reading whatever came in her way. True, she had but little to read; but what she perused, she had her own thoughts upon, so that a person of information, in talking with her, would feel a constant wondering pleasure to find that she had so much more to say of this, and that, and the other thing, than he expected.

Uncle Tim, like every one else, felt the material brightness of his daughter; and was delighted with her praises, as might be discerned, by his often finding occasion to remark that 'he didn't see why the boys need to be all the time a' comin' to see Grace—for she was nothing so extro'rnary—after all.' About all matters and things at home, she generally had her own way, while Uncle Tim would scold and give up, with a regular good grace that was quite creditable.

'Father,' says Grace, 'I want to have a party, next week.'

'You shant go to havin' your parties, Grace. I always have to eat bits and ends a fortnight after you have one, and I wont have it so.' And so uncle Tim walked out, and aunt Sally and Miss Grace proceeded to make the cake and pies for the party.

When uncle Tim came home, he saw a long army of pies and rows of cakes on the kitchen table.

'Grace—Grace—Grace, I say! What is all this here flummery for!'

'Why, it is to eat, father,' said Grace with a goodnatured look of consciousness.

'Uncle Tim tried his best to look sour; but his visage began to wax comical as he looked at his merry daughter, so he said nothing, but quietly sat down to his dinner.'

'Father,' said Grace, after dinner, 'we shall want two more candlesticks next week.'

'Why can't you have your party with what you've got?'

'No, father—we want two more.'

'I cant afford it Grace—there's no sort of use on't—and you shant have any.'

'Oh, father; now do,' said Grace.

'I wont neither,' said uncle Tim, as he saluted out of the house, and took the road to Comfort Scran's store.

In half an hour he returned again, and fumbling in his pocket and drawing forth a candlestick, leveled it at Grace.

'There's your candlestick.'

'But, father, I said I wanted two.'

'Why! cant you make one do?'

'No, I cant—I must have two.'

'Well, then—there's t'other,—and here's a fol de roi for you to tie round your neck.' So saying, he bolted for the door and took himself off with all speed. It was much after this fashion that matters commonly went on in the brown house.

But having tarried long on the way, we must proceed with our main story.

James thought Miss Grace was a glorious girl, and as to what Miss Grace thought of Master James, perhaps it would not have been developed, had she not been called to stand on the defensive for him, with uncle Tim. For from the time that the whole village of Newbury began to be wholly given unto the praise of Master James, uncle Tim set his face as a flint against him, from the laudable fear of following the multitude. He therefore made conscience of stoutly gainsaying every thing that was said in his favor, which as James was in high favor with aunt Sally, he had frequent opportunities to do.

So when Miss Grace perceived that uncle Tim did not like our hero as much as he ought to do, she of course was bound to like him well enough to make up for it. Certain it is, that they were remarkably happy in finding opportunities of being acquainted—that James waited on her, as a matter of course, from singing school, that he volunteered making a new box for her geranium on an improved plan, and above all, that he was remarkably particular in his attentions to aunt Sally, a stroke of policy, which showed that James had a natural genius for this sort of matters. Even when emerging from the meeting house, in full glory, with flute and psalm book under his arm, he would stop to

ask her how she did, and if it was cold weather he would carry her foot stove, all the way home from meeting, discoursing upon the sermon and other useful matters, as aunt Sally observed, 'in the pleasantest, prettiest way that ever ye see.' This flute was one of the crying sins of James in the eyes of uncle Tim; James was particularly fond of it, because he had learned to play on it by intuition, and on the decease of the old pitchpipe, which was slain by a fall from the gallery, he took the liberty to introduce the flute in its place. For this and other sins, and for the good reasons above named, uncle Tim's countenance was not towards James, neither could he be moved to him ward by any manner of means.

To all aunt Sally's good words and kind speeches, he had only to say that 'he didn't like him—that he hated to see him a' manifesting and glorifying there in the front gallery Sundays, and a' acting every were, as if he was master of all—he didn't like it, and he wouldn't.' But our hero was not whit cast down or discomfited by the malcontent aspect of uncle Tim. On the contrary, when report was made to him of divers of his hard speeches, he only shrugged his shoulders with a vastly satisfied air, and remarked that 'he knew a thing or two, for all that.'

'Why, James,' said his companion and chief counsellor, 'do you think Grace likes you?'

'I dont know,' said our hero, with a comfortable appearance of certainty.

'But you can't get her James, if uncle Tim is cross about it.'

'Fudge! I can make uncle Tim like me, if I've a mind to try.'

'Well, then, Jim, you'll have to give up that 'are flute of yours, I tell ye now.'

'Faw, sol, law; I'll make him like me, and my flute too.'

'Why, how'll ye do it?'

'Oh, I'll work it,' said our hero.

'Well, Jim, I tell you now, you dont know uncle Tim, if you say so—for he's just the settest crittur in his way that ever ye see.'

'I do know uncle Tim, tho,' better than most folks—he's no more cross than I am, and to his being set, you've nothing to do but make him think he's in his own way when he's in yours—that's all.'

'Well,' said the other, 'but ye see I dont believe it.'

'And I'll bet you a grey squirrel, that I'll go there this very evening, and get him to like me and my flute both,' said James.

Accordingly, the late sunshine of that afternoon shone full on the yellow buttons of James, as he proceeded to the place of conflict. It was a bright, beautiful evening. A thunder storm had just cleared away, and the silver clouds lay rolled up in masses around the setting sun; the rain drops were sparkling and winking to each other over the ends of the leaves, and all the blue birds and robins, breaking forth into song, made the little green valley as merry as a musical box.

James' soul was always overflowing with that kind of poetry which consists in feeling unspeakably happy; and it is not to be wondered at, considering where he was going, that he should feel in a double ecstasy on the present occasion. He stepped gaily along, occasionally springing over a fence to the right; to see whether the rain had swollen the trout brook, or to the left, to notice the ripening of Mr Somebody's water melons—for James always had an eye on all his neighbors' matters, as well as his own.

In this way he proceeded, till he arrived at the picket fence that marked the commencement of uncle Tim's ground. Here he stopped to consider. Just then, four or five sheep walked up and began also to consider a loose picket, which was hanging just ready to drop off—and James began to look at the sheep. 'Well, mister,'—said he, as he observed the leader judiciously drawing himself through the gap—in with you—just what I wanted!—and having waited a moment, to ascertain that all the company were likely to follow, he ran with all haste towards the house, and swinging open the gate, pressed all breathless to the door.

'Uncle Tim, there's four or five sheep in your garden'—uncle Tim dropped his whetstone and scythe.

'I'll drive 'em out, shant I?' said our hero, and with that, he ran down the garden alley, and made a furious descent on the enemy; bestirring himself, as Bunyan says, 'justly and with good courage,' till every sheep had skipped out much quicker than he skipped in, and then springing over the fence, he seized a great stone and nailed on the picket so ef-

fentially, that no sheep could possibly encourage the hope of getting in again. This was all the work of a minute; and he was back again, but so exceedingly out of breath, that it was necessary for him to stop a moment and rest himself. Uncle Tim looked ungraciously satisfied.

'What under the canopy set you to scampering so,' said he; 'I could a' driv' out them critturs myself.'

'If you're at all particular about driving 'em out yourself, I can let 'em in again,' said James.

Uncle Tim looked at him with an odd sort of twinkle in the corner of his eye.

'Spose I must ask you in,' said he.

'Much obliged,' said James, 'but I am in a great hurry.' So saying, he started in very business-like fashion toward the gate.

'You'd better jest stop a minute.'

'Cant stay a minute.'

'I dont see what possesses you to be all the while in such a hurry; a body would think you had all creation on your shoulders.'

'Just my situation, uncle Tim,' said James, swinging open the gate.

'Well, at any rate, have a drink of cider, cant ye?' said uncle Tim, who was now quite engaged to have his own way in the case.

James found it convenient to accept this invitation, and uncle Tim was twice as good-natured as if he had staid in the first of the matter.

[To be concluded.]

THE TARENTULA.—It is generally known that this name is given to a large spider, observed at first in the neighborhood of Tarantula in Italy, and for the bite of which, considered poisonous, music and dancing were said to be the only remedy. M. Leon Dufour has collected some facts respecting this insect, and communicated them to the Academie des Sciences, in a letter read at one of their late meetings, from which are translated the following particulars:—This spider belongs to the genus *lycosa* founded by Latreille. These are chiefly met with in the south of Europe. To understand the manners of this insect it is necessary to notice the following peculiarities in its structure. The jaws and feet are large and strong; the second joint of the legs and the first of the feet are furnished with long stiff spurs, moveable at their base, which are of much use to the animal in seizing and holding its prey: the first two pair of feet are furnished underneath with a down, arranged like a brush, which the tarentula employs in making its toilette, and in assisting it to crawl on smooth surfaces: finally the feet are terminated by two strong nails. It prefers inhabiting dry, arid, bare situations. The cylindrical burrows, which it forms, are about an inch in diameter, and sunk to the depth of a foot beneath the surface. The construction of this burrow is such as not only to protect the animal from the pursuit of its enemies, but to serve it as an observatory whence it may dart on its prey. At first the hole sinks perpendicularly, but at a depth of four or five inches bends and forms an almost horizontal elbow, after which it again resumes its direction downwards. It is just at this bend that the tarentula stands sentry, turning towards the entrance of its dwelling, eyes that sparkle and gleam in the dark. The external orifice of the burrow is usually surmounted by a funnel, an inch in height, and two inches in breadth, so that it is wider than the burrow itself, a circumstance that admits of the extension of the claws necessary to enable the animal to seize its prey. The funnel is chiefly composed of pieces of dry wood united by potter's clay, and lined inside with a web spun from the spinnerets of the *lycosa*, and continued through the whole interior of the burrow. The utility of this is obvious, in preserving the hole clean, preventing the falling in of earth, and enabling the tarentula by its claws quickly to ascend. The tarentula, though so disagreeable in appearance, is easily tamed. M. Dufour had one for five months in a bottle, and it would come and take a live fly out of his hand. After having destroyed its victim with the hook of its mandibles, it did not content itself, as most spiders do, with merely sucking its head, but bruised the whole body, moving it through its mouth by means of its feelers; after which, it rejected the integuments and swept them away from its dwelling. After a repast it seldom failed to make its toilette, that is, it cleansed with the brushes of which we have spoken, its feelers and jaws; it then resumed its attitude of immovable gravity. The

evening and night were the times at which it took exercise and attempted to escape: these nocturnal habits confirm the opinion of our author, that the most part of the spider tribe have the faculty of seeing both night and day. Six weeks after being taken, the captive tarentula changed its skin, and this moult, which was the last, made no perceptible difference in the color or size of its body. It supported at two different periods a fast of nine days without appearing to suffer. It escaped while the author was absent.

PROSPECTUS OF THE THIRD VOLUME of the **LITERARY INQUIRER, AND REPORTER OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE**, which will be commenced on or about the first Wednesday in July of the present year, and be distinguished by such important and valuable improvements and so large an increase in the quantity of reading matter, (without any advance in price,) as to render it one of the best and cheapest periodicals in the United States.

This journal, which was commenced on the first of January, 1839, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Literary Notices, Poetry, and General Intelligence. It is published weekly on a sheet of the same size as the New York Mirror, and, like that journal, each page of the third volume will have three wide and well filled columns: it will be printed on paper of fine quality, and with nearly new type, in quarto form, making in the year two volumes of twenty-six numbers, or two hundred and eight large pages. At the end of each volume a handsome title page and copious index will be given.

The proprietor of the **Literary Inquirer** gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that the number of subscribers has so rapidly increased within the last few weeks, as to leave of an edition of more than a thousand copies scarcely fifty complete sets of the back numbers. Indeed, since the termination of the First Volume, the number of our subscribers has been nearly doubled. Desirous of doing every thing in our power to evince our gratitude for this signal and unexpected success, we are induced to propose some alterations in our original plan, which can not fail to give great and very general satisfaction. Among the contemplated improvements of our succeeding volumes, are the **TOTAL EXCLUSION OF ADVERTISEMENTS**—the substitution of **THREE WIDE COLUMNS** for the four narrow ones at present used—and the division of every year's numbers into **TWO VOLUMES**, each containing two hundred and eight large quarto pages. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that those who prefer doing so, can have two or more volumes bound in one; so that, while new subscribers the proposed arrangement will be important, it need not increase a single cent the expense of our old ones.

When we commenced the second volume, it was our intention to devote about two pages and a half to advertisements, from which we expected to derive a yearly income of from three to five hundred dollars, in addition to the saving arising from the reduced quantity of new matter that we should have weekly to furnish. Hence subscribers will perceive the absolute necessity of complying with our request to pay in advance, that we may be enabled to meet our large and greatly increased weekly expenditure. It is universally acknowledged, that, even at present, the **Literary Inquirer** is one of the best and cheapest papers published in Western New York; and when the contemplated improvements are made and advertisements excluded, it will, we think, bear a comparison with the oldest and most approved periodicals in the country.

Of the third volume, to be commenced in July next, the first five pages of each number will constitute the **Literary Department**, including original and selected articles of an instructive and entertaining nature. The sixth and seventh pages will be devoted to **General Intelligence**, under which head will be furnished brief and interesting reports of the operations of benevolent societies, literary institutions, &c.; concise accounts of the more important proceedings of our national and state legislatures, with occasional extracts from public documents and speeches of extra importance; a summary of the latest and most important news—domestic and foreign; marriages, deaths, &c. The last page will be chiefly occupied with original and selected poetry, but will occasionally contain scientific intelligence, humorous sketches, &c.

The terms are only two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars at the end of the year. Six months, one dollar and twenty-five cents in advance; or one dollar and a half at any time within that period. Three months, seventy-five cents in advance; or one dollar at any time within that period.

Orders and communications must be addressed (postage free) to the proprietor,

W. VERRINDER,

177, Main street, Buffalo.

April 16, 1839.

* * Editors with whom we exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

POWER OF THOUGHT.

"The Schoolmaster is abroad."—*Dreysseham.*
There is a deep and philosophizing spirit abroad, and which ever way we turn our eyes we perceive symptoms of its existence, and marks of its maturing progress.

To whatever cause we may ascribe the advancement of mind, for it is nothing else, we are compelled to recognize in the operations of the old and decaying monarchies of Europe, the gradual evolution of that eternally rolling principle which lies hid deep below the surface, and which is the grand lever of the world.

The progress of civil liberty is but the effect of freedom of thought, and wherever this prevails, with the advantage of education, no class of men can be kept in subservience for ever to an arbitrary king.

The bold and acquiring mind, which scans the nature and tendency of public measures, is the pioneer of the cause of mankind; and, in the language of a popular writer, "the agitation of thought is the beginning of truth."

The commotions of the old world are but the knell of decayed and failing powers, and the effort to preserve or perpetuate what is antiquated on the one hand, and the attempt to introduce purer systems, founded on more enlightened views, on the other, is the generating cause of revolutions. It is difficult to persuade the man that the dress he wore in his childhood are fitted for his more advanced years, and as difficult will it be for the kings of Europe to persuade their people that they never can outgrow the form and size and features of the systems which sway them.

The abstract philosophy of Germany has secretly effected a vast change in opinion, and is quietly working its way to advance all human interests. No matter what may be the nature of the power which operates, provided it gives rise to thought—for reflection alone can infuse into the popular mass the nature and vigor of an enlightened soul; and let this but be awakened or created, and numbers must prevail—the multitude, established in their rights, will govern, having previously subverted the rotten government to which they have been slaves. It would be gratifying to the philanthropist, if all changes could be effected without their catacombs of victims—but so great an object from the obstacles which are opposed to improvement seem necessarily to involve a corresponding sacrifice. But all must ultimately fall; monarch and monarchy; before "the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

Power can not arrest the mind! chains can not bind the soul! statutes can not fetter the understanding. As long as men have the power of thought they will exercise that power—and to think is to advance.

FLOWERS.—From the first number of the Moral of Flowers we extract the following:

"Flowers are a delight to every one; to some, perhaps, merely for their beauty and fragrance; to others, independently of these acknowledged charms, for the varied pleasurable associations and thoughts they suggest. And foremost among these is the assurance they afford of the exuberant goodness of God. 'The provision which is made of a variety of objects not necessary to life, and ministering only to our pleasures, shows,' says an elegant and learned author, 'a further design than that of giving existence, it speaks an intention to superadd pleasure to that existence.' And who does not feel this when he looks on the hedge row and the mead

"Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers,

The negligence of nature."

Now is this the only lesson they impart; they remind us also of the superintending providence of the Almighty. After contemplating the more stupendous features of creation, "the heavens, the work of His fingers, the moon and the stars which He has ordained," till overwhelmed with a sense of littleness we exclaim almost with feelings of despondency, "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Has not the sight of a flower so carefully provided for, so exquisitely wrought, and so lavishly endowed with fragrance, recalled the mind to its proper tone, and given emphasis to the question, "Are ye not much better than they?"

But it is when viewed as types of the resurrection that they most vividly affect the imagination and touch the heart. The same inspired volume which tells us, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the

flower of the field," reminds us also that "that which is sown is not quickened except it die;" when therefore after the dreary, death-like months of winter, we see the prodigies which power divine performs, clothing each tree and flower in its peculiar and appropriate beauty, who but must acquiesce in the conclusion of the poet, and say

"Shall I be left abandoned in the dust
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Small nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Did him though dimmed in perish hope to live!
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No. Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again
Bright thro' the eternal year of love's triumphant reign."

CARTICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.—Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the external look, which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. "The epithet of stag eyed," says lady Worthy Montague, speaking of a Turkish love song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes." We lose in depth of expression when we go to inferior animals for comparison with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eyes look at you with royal indifference. Shakespeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he described them as being

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes more become touching under this circumstance than any others; because of the field they give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty. In Charles the Second's time it was the fashion to have sleepy, half shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a common place of it, and a vice. So little do "men of pleasure" understand the business from which they take their title.

WOMAN.—The most inestimable blessing which the benign bounty of the Creator has bestowed upon man, is the possession of a virtuous, amiable and educated woman—her love is the highest delight which gladdens him in the vale of suffering: it is a green basis, that spreads for him its grassy verdure on the desert of despair. In the possession of a lovely, sympathetic woman, even in the solitude of life, only illuminated by her smiles, the soul is more gratified than upon the throne of Napoleon, when the world honored him with its homage and was dazzled by the lustre of his glory.

Though Rousseau threw enchantments over the tender passion, though Byron and Ossian transfused the most sublime and profound sensibility into love, yet they never experienced those fine feelings of which the pure heart of woman is susceptible. It is the fountain from which piety and ardent affections gush in a spontaneous and flowing union. It is in the midst of distress and anguish that the finest qualities of the female, and the noblest traits of the female character are displayed in all their characteristic grandeur.

When the husband is suffering under the pressure of unalterable woe; when his prospects are withered by the dissolved illusions of hope and the cruel desertion of friends, it is then that the consolations of a wife pour the balm of sympathy in the corroded bosom of grief. Adversity only gives an additional impulse of ardor to her attachment; it seems to inspire her with a spirit of devotedness to the object of her love, which rises superior to the afflictions of misfortune. No changes or chances can estrange the constancy, or subdue the intensity of her devotion.

SELF DENIAL.—There are many seasons in a man's life, and the more exalted and responsible his station the more frequently do these seasons recur, when the voice of duty and the dictates of feeling are opposed to each other; and it is only the weak and the wicked who yield that obedience to the selfish impulses of the heart, which is due to reason and honor.

PERPETUITY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY E. L. BULWER.

From the illustrated edition of the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*.

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and the music went up like a stream of odors to the pavilion of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One, (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of Heaven, they see one unsleeping eye watching forever over creation,) was heard saying,

"Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered,

"Then am I in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!

And the voice answered,

"Thy prayer is heard, oh gentlest of the angels! it seems good to Him who chastises but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb, which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls that by torture become pure.

Then the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the fountains of immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no tomorrow, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star: one only voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel: it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry.

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost."

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted; but still the solitary voice, unheeding, unconscious even, of the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out,

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost."

The Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demon laying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit and said, in a voice which stilled her cry, for in what state do we outlive sympathy? "Wherefore, oh daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why does the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh, radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him," replied the spirit simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched, for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mistletoe impalpable arms, and cried, "Give me, oh, give me to return to earth but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his

eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others, "I could indeed grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty.—For the souls in Purgatory may return to earth; but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah! surely they love not in Heaven, or thou wouldst know, oh celestial visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand, thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and she saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all guarding eye; and heard the voice of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his proxy whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of Purgatory: and lo, the spirit had reentered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the lord of Adenheim; and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh and merry the jest that echoed around; and the laugh and the jest of the lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sat a beautiful lady: and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what ladye can believe; didst thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injurie. Ida! why, thou mockest me; I love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy of thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

* * * * *

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!"

"What is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom; and Seralim bore her back with him to Heaven?"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show the PERPETUITY OF WOMAN'S LOVE."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A young man going a journey, intrusted a hundred *demaars* to an old man; when he came back, the old man denied having any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Kazee.—

"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?" "Under a tree." Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither; and the tree will obey when you show it my seal." The young man went in wonder. After he had gone some time, the Kazee said to the old man, "He is long; do you think he has got there yet?" "No," said the old man, "it is at some distance; he has not got there yet." "How knowest thou, old man," cried the Kazee, "where that tree is?" The young man returned, and said the tree would not come. "He has been here, young man, and has given his evidence—the money is thine."

BRITISH LITERATURE.

Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[Continued from page 106.]

COLERIDGE.—There are poets whose fame has arisen as much from a sense entertained of their genius as from the charms of their productions. To this class belongs Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His poems are various and unequal; sometimes vigorous and soaring; often tender and moral; frequently gentle, insinuating and persuasive, and studious all over with fine thoughts, expressed in a brief clear way. There are passages, too, of great boldness, and gushings out of a singular and whimsical fancy. On his incomparable "Genievere" he has lavished all the melting graces of poetry and chivalry; in his "Ancient Mariner" he has sailed, and in his "Christabel" flown, to the very limits of invention and belief, and in his chant of "Fire, Famine and Slaughter," he has revived the vehement strains of the sibyls, or rather furies, and given us a song worthy of the prime agents of perdition. These poems are of first rate excellency, each after its kind; it is true that "Christabel" is a fragment, and so peculiarly wild in conception, that it startles even poetic minded critics; but it overflows with poetry; there are indications in it of a higher reach than the author has elsewhere ventured upon, and a vein of superstition runs through the whole, bestowing a wild supernatural grandeur upon it, which is in harmony with popular belief. The poet seems either to have exhausted his invention, or else felt conscious that he had flown too high in the regions of fancy for ordinary minds to follow him, for he stops in his aerial tour, closes the page, and refuses to make any further revelation. He seems to have had in his mind the romance of Merlin, a monkish fiction, and a fine one, but difficult to deal with in these matter of fact days. The "Ancient Mariner," arises out of feelings common to our nature, and contains a lesson, and a wondrous one, on our kindness to the dumb but living creation around us. The Mariner wantonly shoots an albatross, reckoned a bird of good omen with sailors, and is punished, with all his crew, for his cruelty. The singular way in which this is told, and the superhuman adventures of the seamen and their ship, render this ballad both daring and original.

His translation of "Wallenstein," I have heard commended, by good judges, as superior to the drama whose language it professes to speak; and his "Remorse," though a play for the closet rather than the stage, has passages full of passion and fire. In prose his powers are not at all equal; he is occasionally, indeed, graphic and lively, as when he gives an account of his voyage; often dramatic, as in the description of his success as a preacher of lay sermons; but he is too frequently obscure and mystical.

He was born in the year 1773; was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he reached the rank of Grecian, and distinguished himself by his eloquence; he soon made himself known as a poet; married one of the sisters of Mrs Southey; wrote political articles in a newspaper; delivered lectures on poetry; and published his collected works, in two volumes. He now resides near London, sees company on the Friday evenings, and sends away all strangers charmed with the eloquence of his conversation. He has written nothing of late; as his fame will be settled by his best poems, he is as sure of future reputation as any poet of this age.

LEYDEN.—The "Scenes of Infancy," the "Mermaid," and the "Court of Keeldar," will long attest the genius of which we were too early bereaved in the death of John Leyden. He was born of humble parents, near Anstruther, in the year 1775; distinguished himself at school, not only by the facility with which he learned every task, but by a sort of impetuous enthusiasm which soon sought vent in a song, and procured him the notice and friendship of Scott, then his near neighbor. He contributed the two fine ballads to which I have alluded, to the Minstrelsy of the Border; for fancy, fluency and beauty, they may be compared with the best of Scott's, though inferior in truth of manners, and in true old ballad fire. The "Scenes of Infancy" have many picturesque passages, and record the traditions, and delineate the landscapes of pleasant Teviotdale, with equal feeling and truth; original nerve is wanting where it can not well be dispensed with, and the work may be accused of tulling us with sweet sounds, more than elevating us with brief bursts of natural emotion. The miseries to which a poet, who had to trust solely for support to song, was likely to be reduced, were present to the mind of Lord Minto, when, without solicitation, he offered Leyden a situation in the East Indies; this was accepted with rapture, for the poet could do nothing in a common way; and, parting with Scott, not without tears, he sailed for his new land of promise. Sir John Malcolm has related with what assiduity Leyden set about the acquisition of the native languages, and the extraordinary ardor with which he discharged his duties. His fine genius promised to open to us the literary treasures of Persia and Hindostan, and much was looked for by all who knew him,

when, in 1811, he had to unite himself to the expedition dispatched against Batavia, and fell a victim to fatigue and the wear and tear of an over ardent mind, and a severe climate. I never heard Scott name Leyden but with an expression of regard and a moistening eye.

LANE.—Critics are said to have checked some poetic spirits, and if this be true of any, it is of Charles Lamb, who was handled so rudely by the critic of the Edinburgh Review, that he forsook the muses, and, directing his mind to prose, acquired a reputation, under the name of Elia, not destined soon to die or be forgotten. There is, nevertheless, much quaint feeling in his verses; he has used the style of the good old days of Elizabeth in giving form and utterance to his own emotions; and, though often unelated and prosaic, every line is informed with thought, or with some vagrant impulse of fancy. He was born in 1755, and educated in the school of Christ's Hospital, where he was the companion of Coleridge, and distinguished for a quick apprehension and a facility in acquiring knowledge. In his earlier days he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth, which induced some critic, more ingenious than discerning, to number him as a follower of what is erroneously called the Lake School. The tone and impulse of the Lakers are all of our own times; the hue and impress of Lamb's verse is of another age: they are of the country, he is of the town; they treat of the affections of unsophisticated life, he gives portraits of men whose manners have undergone a city change; records sentiments which are the true offspring of the mart and the custom house, and attunes his measure to the harmony of other matters than musical breezes and melodious brooks. His prose essays, and sketches of men and manners, are in a bolder and happier spirit; there is a quaint vigor of language, a fanciful acuteness of observation, and such true humanities and noble sensibilities sparkling everywhere, as rank him among the most original critics of the age. Nor is he otherwise in company than he is on paper; his wit is unwarred, and his gentleness of heart ever uppermost, save when he chooses to be sarcastic, and then he sooths whomsoever he offends, by some happy and unhop'd compliment.

CAMPBELL.—The nerve and impulse of the new school, and the polish and elegance of the old, unite in Thomas Campbell. He is of the west of Scotland, the son of a second marriage, and was born at Glasgow, in 1777, when his father was seventy years of age. He went to school early, and wrote verses almost as soon as he mastered the use of his pen; at college he carried away all the prizes he contended for, much to the delight of his mother, who had become a widow, and rejoiced in the success of her only son. Having distinguished himself as a Greek scholar, where Greek is said not to abound, he obtained the situation of tutor in a family in Argyllshire. We soon afterwards find him in Edinburgh, where he was countenanced by Dr Anderson, and had acquired a celebrity as a poet through the "Dirge of Wallace," and other shorter pieces, handed about in manuscript. He was not more than twenty, I believe, when he published the "Pleasures of Hope," a poem which he shakes his head at now, but which, nevertheless, exhibits high imagination, deep sensibility, a clear eye for the picturesque, and a burning thirst for freedom, with a noble scorn for all that is sordid and slavish. His next effort was "Lochiel and the Wizard," with "O'Connor's Child;" the first is heroic and high souled, the latter tender and affecting.—

There is a grand flow in the versification of the first; a hurrying march of words, and such an infusion of northern sentiment and manners as made it welcome through all the heathy dominions of the Gael. The "Gertrude of Wyoming" is the poet's own favorite, and he is certainly right in his affection: there is a quiet grace, a melancholy beauty, a sort of Niobe like suffering and repose about it, which open every heart, and moisten every eye. If it wants the fervor of "Lochiel," and even of some places of "The Pleasures of Hope," it abounds more with what is more lastingly impressive, images of domestic gladness and scenes of retired love. His "Theodoric," published in 1824, shares largely in the same beauties, though less happy and natural in its delineations.

His martial lyrics have much passionate energy, united to regularity and classic elegance; a concise vigor, a glowing rapidity of words, and such liquid harmony of versification as make them more than a match for all kindred compositions, save the "Bruce's Address" of Burns, and the "Donuil Dhu" of Scott.—They have, likewise, a tenderness which softens the rigors of war, and calls upon us, amid the earthquake voice of victory, to sympathize with the fortunes of the vanquished or the fallen: I allude to the concluding verses of "Hohenlinden" and "The Battle of the Baltic;" all who read this will be at no loss to remember similar passages, connecting the sternest scenes with the gentler sympathies of life. He has not limited his studies to poetry; some ten years or more ago he published Specimens of the British Poets, accompanied with dissertations on their merits; the selections were, in general, judicious, and such as showed the peculiar talents

of the writers; and the criticisms were distinguished for taste, liberality and acuteness. He undertook a life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and dropped it after writing a score of pages; he now promises a memoir of Mrs Siddons. He has almost given up his allegiance to the muse; but now and then verses worthy of his palmer days drop from his pen. Poland has monopolized his affections of late, and he lives in the hope of seeing a crown on her head, and Nicholas driven back to his deserts.

Campbell is of middle stature, well made, with a quick eye and a quick temper. He has been accused of absence of mind, but never of unkindness of heart. He was made Lord Rector of Glasgow by the free impulse of the youth of the west: it was a deep snow when he reached the college green, the students were drawn up in parties, peiting one another; the poor ran into the ranks, threw several snow balls with unerring aim; then, summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence: it is needless to say how this was welcomed.

MOORE.—With all her eloquence, feeling and fancy, Ireland contributes little; at least, less than she ought, to the imaginative literature of the empire; for what she pleases to send we are thankful; the quality is good. She has, at present, one representative at the court of Parnassus—I mean Thomas Moore. Of his personal history I know but little, of his works much. He was born in Dublin, in May 1779; and having, both by wit in conversation, and genius in verse, made himself known early, was admitted at once to the society of the courtly and the noble. The first thing I heard of him was, that he was the companion of our young nobles and the guest of the prince of Wales; the second was, that he was the author of Tom Little's poems, in which, amid much wit and fancy, there is a coloring of licentiousness. For this he was so sternly rebuked by the editor of the Edinburgh Review, that a hostile meeting was the consequence; with the upshot I have no further knowledge, than that the poet and critic both survived, and became intimate friends. His next work was more worthy of his talents; this was the songs of Ireland: they appeared in successive numbers, and their object was, to give to the finest of the Irish airs words of corresponding sentiment, and of a national character. In this he has not always succeeded; there is a liquid ease, a dance of words, and a lyrical grace and brevity, in them all; but there is likewise, an epigrammatic point and smartness, a courtly and a knowing air, so to speak, alien to the simplicity of the music and to the nature of the song. It is true they give us much of the sparkle, and the gaiety, and the complimentary mood of polite company, and have no rustic Corydons or milk maid Philisses, or sentiments, which savor of the sheep fold and smell of tar. In one word, there is not a little affectation in them, put on graces, and artificial raptures. These faults are nearly balanced by beauties; there are innumerable bursts of true feeling; salutes of lofty indignation against the enemies of his country, deep sympathy with her woes, fine glances back to the days of traditional splendor, and a bright hope for the future, in which, I trust, he is a true prophet. In true love, too, he has written much that is gentle and persuasive; he has pictured tenderly the soft intercourse of pure and innocent hearts, and given affection a tongue eloquent and pathetic.

His "Lalla Rookh" is an eastern story; "a succession of songs of varied beauty, united by prosaic bonds," in the words of a critic in the tale, who, speaking with the decision of Jeffrey, pronounces judgment on the strains as the youthful minstrel utters them, and is neither complimentary nor sparing. The shining deeds, the sparkling diamonds, the lustrous rubies, the odorous gums, and the sweet smelling flowers, with which the whole work is besprinkled, call up the sneering mirth and the withering denunciations of this self-selected judge; and it must be confessed, that he who mimics Jeffrey stumbles sometimes upon such sharp and sagacious things as belong to the strictures of his prototype. His remorse and contrition when he discovers, to his mortification, that he has been criticising a true prince instead of a peasant minstrel, was suggested, it is supposed, by the change which came over the mood of the Edinburgh Review when it discovered that Byron was a whig. The poem has been circulated over the world, and Moore's name is known in the uttermost ends of the earth. His satiric poems are keen and cutting; a sort of poetic nitric acid. When the prince of Wales became regent, he new modeled his household, and turned a cold shoulder on many of his early companions: Moore was a sufferer, it is said, and resented it in a series of crucifying poems, which are not only popular now, but promise to continue so. In person the poet is small, dresses smartly, has a lively and a bustling air, and is kind and obliging.

WILSON.—The west of Scotland, as I have shown, produced Burns, Grahame, and Campbell: I have now to add a fourth—John Wilson. He is a native of Paisley, and was born in May, 1789. The affluent circumstances of his father enabled him to have the benefit of a classic education; he obtained the rudiments of his learning

in Glasgow, and went from thence to Oxford, where he obtained prizes in his college; one of them was an essay, in verse, "On the Merits of Ancient Sculpture"—there is a flow of words and the dawning of pure taste. He courted public attention, first, in his poem of "The Isle of Palms;" it exhibits scenes of enchanting beauty, a prodigality of loveliness united to uncommon sweetness and tranquil grace. "The City of the Plague" succeeded; a noble and deeply pathetic poem—a picture of London, suffering under the calamity which laid her streets and squares desolate. It possesses great dramatic interest, and displays a picture after picture of private suffering and public misery; the darkness is relieved by such flashes of light as few bards have at command; in the abodes of despair there are rays of hope let in; on the brink of the grave flowers of beauty are scattered; nor do we tread the floor of the charnel house but in joy mingled with fear. His most dolorous scenes are redeemed back to our sympathy by inimitable touches of nature; and we rise from the spell of perusal sobered and elevated.

His poetical powers are very varied; that is, he can handle any subject in its own peculiar spirit. His "Edith and Nora" is one of those fairy fictions of which he once promised a volume; there is a wondrous beauty shed over the landscape on which he brings out his spiritual folk to sport and play, and do good deeds to men; nor has he wasted all his sweetness on the not insensible earth; he has endowed his fairies with charms from a hundred traditions, assigned them poetic and moral tasks, and poured inspiration into their speech. Another fine poem of his is "An Address to a Wild Deer;" for bounding elasticity of language, hurrying thoughts and crowding imagery, it is without a parallel. Indeed, throughout all his smaller poems there is a deep feeling for nature; an intimate knowledge of the workings of the heart, and a liquid fluency of language almost lyrical. He is distinguished, in all his compositions, for splendor of imagination, for loftiness of thought, for sympathy with all that is grand or honorable in man, for transitions surprising and unexpected, but never forced, and for situations such as appear to an eye which sees through all nature. He may be accused sometimes of an overflow of enthusiasm about his subject; nor has he escaped from the charge of sometimes overloading sentiments with words. In person he is the noblest looking of all our poets: in company he is free, companionable and eloquent; never hesitates to do a good deed to a deserving person, or give the young and the meritorious a lift on the road to fame. He is a foe to all affectation, either in dress or verse, and mauls the pop of the toilet and the pop in poetry with equal wit and mercilessness.

KIRK WHITE.—Most poets are of God's making, but some are, nevertheless, manufactured by man; to both we are indebted for Henry Kirk White. The story of his fortunes, his early aspirations, his desire of fame, his attempts in song, his seeking for a patron, and finding a harsh critic, his doubts in religion, the solution of those doubts, together with his merits as a man and a poet, are related by Robert Southey in a manner so artless and so moving, as would bring fame to one less worthy than Kirk White. He was born in 1785, and died before he reached manhood: his poetry is pleasing and his subjects are moral; he is tender and touching, and seldom wants thoughts, and never lacks language; but there is an absence of energy and originality; he is truly sincere, yet seldom fervent. His life has its lesson, and his early death its moral; let all young poets read and tremble.

BLOOMFIELD.—At the head of the rustic school of poetry in England, stands Robert Bloomfield. He was born in 1757, taught to read and write, then apprenticed to a shoemaker, in whose service a love of verse came on him, the first fruits of which were "The Farmer's Boy," a poem which has not been unluckily described as the gleanings of Thomson. This brought him patronage and public favor; he quitted his humble trade, commenced bard by profession, and produced many poems, all distinguished, like "The Farmer's Boy," for sweet and graceful pictures of life and nature. He has much truth and little force; clever detail, but no commanding features: has been called the English Burns, but, save in the sad humility of their fortunes, there is no more resemblance than between a camel and a torrent. With all the patronage he received, and in spite of the numerous editions of his works, he died in want, and found no one to relieve him. He was a modest and amiable man.

BYRON.—The cynical, sneering and sarcastic spirit of our times, the doubting of every thing, and believing in nothing, found a poet in George Gordon Lord Byron. He was born with the noblest faculties: his imagination was boundless, his intellect lofty and vigorous, his application unceasing; nor did he want a passionate energy, and a sensibility keen and acute; in short, a union of those fine qualities which fit a man for the highest flights of poetry. How and when much of this was blighted and seared, will perhaps never be discovered: of the sterner and darker parts of his character, there is no intimation in his first publication, the "Hours of Idleness,"

and the change which came over him, as a cloud comes over the sun, has been imputed to the contemptuous and unjust critics in the Edinburgh Review, which nearly drove him distract- ed, turned his blood to gall, and dipped his pen in nitric acid, and influenced all his future compositions. This is not easily reconciled with the circumstance mentioned by Moore, that a good deal of his satire on the reviewers was written before the critique alluded to appeared: I know not how it came to pass; but it is certain, that from this period Byron became cynical and moody, and recalled too often, for his own peace of mind, the language of the article, which he continued long to resent.

His high birth and singular story united in helping him on to fame. He was born in London, in 1788; his father was a spendthrift and a libertine, and his mother an heiress, who paid as a penalty for her ill placed love, her whole fortune, save two hundred a year, on which this descendant of princes educated her only child, and maintained her household. Between the poet and a lordship many like people stood; but by the time he had half completed his education, relations were removed one by one, till at last the title descended to him, and he found himself lord of Newstead, and of himself, "that heritage of woe." Like Burns, whom in many things he resembled, with him began love and poetry: when some twenty years old, he gathered his poems into a volume; the source of all his fame, and much of his sorrow; in reply to its reception from the critics of the north, he wrote that sharp satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and having done so, sailed away, to give his wrath a cooling on Mount Parnassus and in the Hellespont. He was beginning to be forgotten, when he returned suddenly to England, surprised the country by the publication of "Childe Harold," and his whig reviewers by siding with them in the lords, and uttering biting speeches against the tories. This noble poem raised him at once above criticism, and gave him rank with the highest spirits of English poesie.

From this time forward, he continued to pour his verse before the public, with a rapidity only equalled by the originality of his conceptions, and the brightness of his handling. A succession of poems, all impressed with an eastern character, and wearing the hue and lineament of the people with whom he had sojourned among the Mediterranean isles, confounded the critics, and awakened such rapturous applause as had only been heard when the Ariosto of Scotland sent forth his "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake." Of these, "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth," "The Bride of Abydos," and "Lara," appeared within a wondrous short space of time; which proves that the poet's passions, like those of another bard, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in verse. Having wearied himself rather than the public with rhyme, he took a sudden stride into realms of blank verse, and gave us his mysterious "Manfred," his splendid prodigal "Sardanapalus," with other dramatic compositions scarcely less regal and surprising. Having on many occasions displayed an irritability of nature, and a quick susceptibility in all things personal, together with a love of showing that he was inflammable and voluptuous, his friends, in the joy with which mariners welcome a storm tossed ship to a secure and calm anchorage, hailed his marriage with a lady reckoned every way worthy of her envied fortune. The result was unfortunate; from the moment of his marriage his muse was silent; his creditors were not so: three executions in this proud man's house invaded his studies and hurt his temper; his lady, under pretence of a journey to the country, forsook him; the world, always ready to strike the proud, and trample on the famous, assailed him with its thousand weapons, and drove him in a moment of despair from the land which gave him birth, and now inherits his glory.— His course from this moment was wayward, and more like a will o' wisp than an inspired being; yet, between this and the grave, he wrote some of his boldest compositions; he concluded "Childe Harold," wrote "Mazeppa," and alarmed the sedate and the scrupulous with his wild "Don Juan." The poet seems to have been sitting between angels of light and darkness when he wrote it, and to have been influenced by the former at the rate of ten stanzas to the canto. It exhibits some of his brightest and some of his blackest moods. How he tried to restore the extinguished fire of liberty in Italy; and, with a helmet of a Spartan pattern on his head, failed to revive heroism among the hordes of Greece; how he failed, and how he fell, have been made known to the world. He died at Missonghi, and was buried at Newstead, after being refused admission into Westminster Abbey.

The poetry of Byron is singularly bold in conception, the thoughts are generally new and striking, and the language audaciously powerful and forcible. He looks at nature through his own eyes; he refuses to feel with others; and this is visible in the characters he employs, as well as in thoughts on the present and the future, which he scatters always with a daring and sometimes with a profane prodigality. He has no desire to claim the virtues of mercy and generosity for

his bandit heroes; he dips them in the hues of darkness, and then seeks to bring them back towards humanity, by shedding on them one ray or so of virtue, which, like a light in a charnel house, renders all more ghastly around. His heroines are neither feminine nor natural; they seem formed on the "Nut Brown Maid" pattern, whom neither robbery, bloodshed, nor love elsewhere bestowed, could appeal. This is an offence against the feelings and pride of woman's heart, which all the other charms in which he arrays, or the grandeur of soul with which he sometimes endows them, cannot atone for. Yet, with all the repulsiveness of his men, and the melo dramatic sort of character of his women, he invests them with such life, paints their thoughts so truly, and their actions with such wondrous force of light and shade, as render them welcome, with all their sins and virtue and decorum. His chief excellence is in the calm dissection of the human heart, and in expressing sentiments dark and terrible. We follow him, not through the charm of love, but the spell of fear; and while we can not find an echo in our own hearts for a third of the fearful things he utters, we follow him still. His radical defect is a want of sympathy with universal nature: in this, the peasant Burns far surpasses the lordly Byron: the humble tiller of the ground, who had but the sweat of his brow and seven pounds a year for his inheritance, loved the earth and all that was in it, ten times more than did the lord of Newstead, with his high rental and pedigree reaching to the conquest. The noble poet did not see and feel great nature's plan, as the rustic felt it: he wrote of every thing as if in scorn: he treated virtue as an accident, and error as a certainty; and his fame must pay the penalty of his pride or his presumption. We read his noblest strains with an uneasy heart and a troubled brow; those who desire to draw the honey of happiness from divine verse, will not readily obtain it in the works of the gifted Byron.

SHELLY.—Percy Bysshe Shelly, one of the most inspired and unfortunate of modern poets, claimed descent from a family of old standing in England: he was born in the year 1792; acquired all knowledge on which he set his heart with great readiness, and would have finished his education in Oxford, had he not been obliged to retire from college, because of the freedom of his religious speculations. He had before this given proofs of regard for the muse, and was become known for the ardor of his verse, as well as for its mysticism. On quitting college he married a young woman, of whose beauty he was enamored; his love was unfortunate; she died early, not without suspicion of having suffered from a broken heart; and whatever sorrow Shelly felt at her death, was not lessened by the rigor of the law, which deprived him of the society of his children, because he believed not all that the church believed. This aided in filling his mind with gloom and resentment. He carried his feeling into his poetry, and, in "The Revolt of Islam," and "Prometheus Unbound," for instance, is a magnificent riddle. His "Cenci," however, comes from nature; and some of his smaller poems have a concise beauty and an antique grace about them, such as have seldom appeared since the time of Milton. He perished in a storm on the coast of Italy, and his body was burned, and the ashes placed in an urn.— He was an accomplished gentleman; had great grandeur of imagination; a fine sensibility; was not without humor, and abounded in pathos such as sinks at once to the heart.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY made us his debtors, by giving an English dress to "The Oberon" of Wieland; a poem which caught the fancy and employed the pencil of Flaxman. He has lately helped us to a portion of Homer, which seems more accurate than Pope, and less graphic than Cowper; he has merit too as an original writer.

WILLIAM CARY is best known to the world through his incomparable translation of Dante: some of his versions of the French minor poets might be a model to all who desire to translate a poet in the spirit of his times; they are easy, fluent and simple. He is one of the first scholars and worthiest men of the age, and for a small salary, which even Hume would desire to enlarge, takes a subordinate charge of books in the British Museum.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, the deep mouthed boootian of the satire of Byron, is known to the lovers of song by his "Gobir Count Julian;" a work less read than it deserves, for it contains passages of peculiar force and no ordinary beauty.

HENRY HART MILMAN's genius inclines to the dramatic; yet, in his regular poems, amid much elaborate splendor, there are scenes of natural emotion, touching pathos, and manly sentiment. His "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," is a British tale of a date too remote for modern sympathy; and the story of "Belshazzar," is familiar to all who know the Scriptures, and excites little hope in the reader; for what dare a poet do more than inspired men have already done?

GEORGE DARLEY is a true poet and an excellent mathematician: there is much compact and graceful poetry in his "May Queen;" and, in "The Olympian Revels," a dramatic freedom and fervor too seldom seen in song.

(Continued at page 142.)

Original.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

Humanity shudders at the recital of the cruelties that were practised in the Spanish Inquisition, and the unnatural purposes to which the holy cause of religion was basely prostituted, by the ecclesiastical officers of the dark ages. We may search the pages of ancient and modern, sacred and profane history, for a parallel to the barbarities of which this diabolical institution was guilty, but our researches will prove unsuccessful. Contrasted with the torments inflicted upon those who dissented from the absurd principles of Catholicism, the enormities of a tyrannic Nero would seem tolerable, the martyrdom of the saints of old dwindle into comparative insignificance, and the bloodiest examples of political despotism recorded in the annals of any age, are scarcely worthy of a passing notice.

Our astonishment at the length of its duration and the slavish submission with which its cruelties were borne by the nations of Europe, will be increased by the reflection, that they were perpetrated under the pretended sanction of christianity, and by those who professed to be the ministers of salvation. Affecting to be established for the eradication of impiety from the world, and the establishment of the standard of religion in its stead, its character was defiled with crimes which it would seem demoniac spirits only could have devised or executed. In one hand, the merciless inquisitor holds the sacred volume, and in the other, the crimsoned record that doomed some ill starved victim to a horrid death: at one time he grasps the chalice to commemorate the crucifixion of the Savior, and, in the succeeding moment, in assiduously employed in kindling the faggots, that are soon to consume some faithful follower of his God.

As long as this potent engine of papal dominion existed, the church of Rome controlled not only the spiritual, but the political affairs of Europe. The terrors of its name and a dread of the certain fate that awaited the least expression of discontent or dissatisfaction with its hellish measures, for a time utterly destroyed the liberty of opinion, and rendered the sovereign Pontiff supreme arbiter of the then civilized world. His numerous and pitiless minions, with hearts steeled against every principle of humanity, and with hands prepared for any act of butchery, ready to violate the sanctity of the peaceful fireside, and disturb the quiet of domestic happiness, were dispersed throughout the country. Parents were robbed of their beloved offspring; children were reduced to a state of helpless orphanage; and fraternal affection often beheld its dearest object blackening at the stake, or expiring in agonies that baffle description upon the rack. Every day witnessed the abduction of some grey headed sire from the bosom of his peaceful family, some pious matron from her tender and dependent babes, or some only son, blooming with youthful vigor and giving promise of future usefulness, from those who had offered up many a prayer to heaven for his welfare, and made him the subject of their fondest anticipations. The profound silence of midnight was often broken by the unavailing shrieks of some miserable and unfortunate victim of inquisitorial persecution: and often were these deeds of cruelty perpetrated publicly, in the light of day. Spotless virtue, unexceptionable honesty, or unblemished character formed no safeguard against the outrages of these fiendish agents of a corrupt and rotten hierarchy—those black hearted ministers of hell. Seniors, old and venerable, who were sweetening the brief remainder of their days with the comforts of religion, and whose hoary locks should have inspired the savage himself with reverence, were dragged from the sequestered solitude they had chosen to spend the evening of their life, and arraigned before a tribunal that seemed imbued with the spirit of Pandemonium, and ambitions of a blacker character than that of devils. Thus arraigned, they were urged to renounce their adopted principles of Christianity, and if their fortitude proved itself invincible to all the terrors that surrounded them, were doomed to suffer the excruciating tortures of the stake. Females were often rudely assaulted by these ruthless invaders, torn from the retirement their modesty had sought in vain, and consigned to a dismal dungeon—a living grave, furnished with some ingenious instrument of torture, some artfully constructed engine of keenest agony!—What a mass of contradictions! The same wind that wafted to the ear of heaven the expiring groans of some pious martyr, bore upon its pinions a low and vociferous prayer to the throne of grace, from the very individual who was superintending the inhuman execution! The same voice that now directs the infliction of the severest torments upon some innocent and unfading youth, whom the admonitions of parental affection had early prostrated at the foot of the cross, in the next moment, can be heard singing the praises of the Lamb in swelling anthems, and earnestly decanting upon the beauties of divine mercy!

But these scenes of terror and barbarity are now passed; may God grant, forever. Civilization came, and demolished this strong hold, this infernal engine of papal authority. Prisoners, who had been clandestinely snatched from society, and reserved within the gloomy walls of a secluded dungeon to gratify upon the accused auto de fe the demoniac passions of ruffians disguised in the attire of angels, were released from their confinement and restored to freedom. Subterranean varieties and the various receptacles of misery prepared for the uncompromising yielded up their pallid tenants, and revealed to mankind the excesses of cruelty in which the spirit of ecclesiastical despotism had indulged. The thunders of public indignation that had so long been hushed became audible, and the just vengeance of an outraged world began to reward retributive justice upon the officers of the Romish church. The spell was broken; the moral darkness that enveloped Europe disappeared; and the cause of true religion soon disengaged itself from the filthy folds that had been thrown around it, manufactured in the dark recesses of the Vatican.

May heaven, in its mercy, avert from the human family the recurrence of another such a tragedy as that of the Inquisition; may this awful example of bigotry and persecution forever stand alone upon the pages of history; may humanity in no future age be compelled to weep over another such a spectacle of human depravity; may posterity profit by the sad experience of their ancestors, and learn to withhold entirely from the clergy the power of resorting to coercive measures; may the latest generation be permitted to call this bloody instrument of a polluted church, the climax of barbarity, and the blackest stain that ever defiled the character of mankind.

LIFE.

"The eternal change
But grasps humanity with quicker range—
And they who fall, but fall as worlds would fall,
To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all."—Byron.

The life of man is brief; his existence but a span; and, like all else of earth, he buds and blossoms; withers and dies. And what is death that it should be dreaded and mourned as the greatest misery that can befall man? Is it the end of our being; the entire dissolution of the principles of our nature; the dissolving and utter annihilation of our spiritual essence? Our souls recoil at such ideas, and will not for a moment give credence to them. What, then, is death, which we are taught to regard with feelings of awful dread? It is a change of existence: it is the spirit, the inward life, passing from one sort of its privilegio to another: it is the dropping of this mortal coil, and putting on immortality: it is the escaping of the imprisoned soul from the care of mortality to a region of light and ethereal liberty: it is the ordeal through which man is destined to pass in order to fit him for a higher, holier, purer state of being: it is a boundary which, when passed, brings him into closer contact with his Creator. Why, then, should man fear death? Why repine at his lot? Why say that the trees and the flowers fade but to bloom again, and in that are more favored than man?—How strange! when every feeling within tells us that we fade but to blossom more brightly, and cease our existence here to live happier in another sphere. Yes! this earth, though it has borne many generations of men, and has received their bodies into its bosom, shall moulder and decay, but the spirit of mankind shall still survive! Yes! the silver moon, the planets, the myrid stars, shall pass away and fall into annihilation, yet shall the souls which inhabited them not moulder or decay, or pass away, or be annihilated, but shall soar nobly in the regions of heaven, glorifying the Creator, and singing praises to the most high God! The spirit shall not die, but live in glory unutterable by mortals' fettered tongue! Such is death: a transition from darkness into light, from misery to joy, from woe to happiness, from grossness to pure, undefiled, and glorious immortality! O. P. Q.

BOOKS.—In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men, in their best dress. In variety, durability and facility of attainment, no other pleasure which offers itself to the person of liberal education can stand in competition with it; and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics, what an inestimable privilege should we think it! how superior to common enjoyments! But in a well furnished library, we in fact possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cesar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audience of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support, and in age forbear to amadavert with rigor on faults which experience only can correct.—Johnson.

According to calculation, made from the almanacs of Paris and the different departments, there are in France, 1,700,843 doctors, 1,400,651 sick persons; 1,900,493 lawyers, and last year only 933,000 cases.

General Intelligence.

ATROCIOUS CRUELTY.—A fire, says the N. Y. Commercial, occurred on the 10th April, in Hospital street, New Orleans, at the house of a woman named Lalaurie. As the flames spread, a suspicion was circulated that some of the inmates of the premises were confined therein. The keys were demanded and refused in a most insulting manner. The doors, however, were forced, and on entering one of the apartments, the most appalling spectacle met their eyes. Seven slaves, more or less horribly mutilated, were seen suspended by the neck, with their limbs apparently stretched and torn from one extremity to the other. These slaves were the property of the woman, and are said to have been confined by her for several months in the situation from which they had thus providentially been rescued, and had been merely kept in existence to prolong their sufferings, and to make them taste all that the most refined cruelty could inflict.

The house was rescued from the flames, but the populace afterwards repaired to it, and demolished and destroyed every thing they could lay their hands on. As the negroes emerged from the fire their bodies were seen to be covered with scars and loaded with chains. Among them was a female slave, upwards of sixty years of age, who could not move.

On the same day a man by the name of Johnson, a deputy marshal, shot and killed a person by the name of Patterson, whom he had arrested with a precept, for resisting the arrest.

But this is not all. On the evening previous, a man employed at the rail road, named Rives, killed another with a knife at Lake Ponchartrain. The deed, it is alleged, was committed while attempting to keep some sailors from making a noise. With one hand the accused pushed the deceased off, and with the other inflicted the blow.

The morals of our people, says the editor of the Bee, must certainly be getting very bad, when we have to notice the commission of so many acts of depravity in one day.

The Bee of the 12th states that the popular fury continued unabated, but that after the whole edifice of madame Lalaurie, except the walls, and the furniture and effects were all destroyed, the public authorities interposed and put an end to the riot. The loss of property sustained has been estimated by some at \$40,000. It must have been very great indeed, as the furniture alone was of the most costly kind, consisting of pianos, armoirs, beaufets, &c. &c., which were removed to the garret and thrown from thence into the street, for the purpose of rendering them of no possible value whatever.

During the two days subsequent to the discovery of the slaves, the police jail was crowded by persons pressing forward to witness the unfortunate wretches who had escaped cruelties that would compare with those of a Domitian, a Nero or a Caligula! Four thousand persons at least, it was computed, had already visited these victims to convince themselves of their sufferings.

VALUABLE COPPER MINE.—The subterranean treasures of our country, says the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, are developing in different directions in an almost unprecedented degree, and the mineral wealth that has lain imbedded in the earth for centuries, is about to be turned to a valuable account. For many years past, specimens of copper ore of a rich quality continued to be discovered in the neighborhood of Flemington, Huntingdon county, N. J. which led to the belief that a valuable copper mine was located in that region. After exploring the field where the indications of the ore were most abundant, and sinking one or two shafts, considerable quantities of the ore were found in detached pieces, but not enough to warrant the further prosecution of the work. Within a very short time, from the indications on the surface, Messrs Cammann and Stryker, the former a celebrated mineralogist, commenced operations on the farm of the late Joseph Capner, and after digging a few feet succeeded in reaching a very valuable and extensive vein of copper, 4 to 5 feet in thickness and as many in breadth. One solid mass of ore of about 1000 pounds in weight has been extracted from the mine, which appears to be inexhaustible, and a second vein equally extensive, has also recently been opened within a few feet of the original excavations. The

ore yields from 60 to 70 per cent. pure metal, and is situated in a matrix of the red shale. Smelting furnaces are about to be erected, and the work will be prosecuted on a scale coextensive with the importance and value of the treasure to be developed.

FIRE.—We learn from the N. Y. Cour. & Enq., that the fine block of five story brick buildings, on the corner of Wall and Water streets, occupying three fronts on the former and two on the latter street, known as the Phenix Buildings, and owned by the heirs of the late William Weyman, took fire about half past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening; and the two upper stories, with nearly their whole contents were destroyed. The fire originated in the fifth story, occupied entirely by the bindery of Robert H. Bowne, and so rapid was its progress, that in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes after the alarm was given, the flames were bursting at the same time from all the windows on both streets, to an amazing height. Not an article was saved from this story. The half of the fourth story (being the entire front on Wall street) was occupied as the printing office of the Mercantile Advertiser. Excepting the matter in type for their paper, the whole contents of the office were destroyed; but, we are glad to learn, they were covered by insurance. The remaining half of the story was occupied as the office and storehouse of G. Oakley, wool broker and merchant, and was mostly filled with wool; only a few bags of which were saved by being thrown from the windows. The third and second were occupied for offices by a number of persons, among whom were George Barrall, produce broker, and Cahoone & Kinney, ship and produce brokers. The lower story contained the wholesale book and stationery store of Mr Bowne, the office of James Matthews, produce broker, and the tin and copper factory of William Norris. All these persons were sufferers more or less by the water thrown upon the buildings. The entire loss of property was variously estimated and must have been very considerable, but will, we understand, fall mainly upon the insurance offices.

STEAM BOAT DISASTERS.—A letter from Columbus, Georgia, to the post office in this city, says the N. Y. Commercial, states that on the 13th ult. the steam boat Star in the West, plying between New Orleans and Mobile, burst her boiler, by which accident two men were killed and several others wounded. An endorsement on a waybill from Mobile says: "All is confusion here—no mails from New Orleans."

The St Louis Republican of the 17th ult. states, that the steam boat St Louis, bound for Galena, collapsed one of her boilers on the 12th, by which twelve or fourteen persons were either killed or seriously wounded.

The accident happened while endeavoring to pass the Des Moines Rapids. The stern of the boat struck upon a rock and careened her over—the water in the boilers of course running to the lower side. In this situation the boat remained for twenty minutes or half an hour, when she righted, and the sudden return of the water into the boiler produced an instantaneous explosion. The names of the sufferers are—Perkins, the engineer, killed; Miss Moore, blown overboard and lost; Mrs Moore and son dangerously scalded and three other children killed; Mrs Luckett, from Mill Creek, Ill. badly scalded; Isaac Mars, dying when the account left; three Germans dangerously scalded, and three other persons slightly injured. The St Louis was chartered for the trip from New Orleans to Galena.

ITEMS.—An individual from Maryland was a short time since traveling near Cleaveland, Ohio, where he had gone for the purpose of purchasing land, when he was waylaid by two villains, who gagged him, tied him to a tree, and robbed him of all his money, amounting to about 1,675 dollars. One hundred dollars are offered for their apprehension.

The ship Tuscany, which made so successful a trip to Calcutta, is again fitting out for the same voyage, from Boston, with a cargo of a like description. Another vessel will be dispatched for Bombay; and the day is not far removed when we may behold ice as one of the staple exportations of the north.

The steamboat United States, capt. Vandewater, running on Lake Ontario, lately touched at the mouth of Genesee river with 1000 passengers.

SPLENDID FIRE ENGINE.—We do not believe there is in the world a more magnificent thing of the sort, than the new engine belonging to the Columbian company, and which that spirited association have been exhibiting to their fellow citizens at the engine house in the rear of St Paul's church, at the corner of Vesey and Church streets. The frame of this elegant machine is of very superior construction, and the ornamental appointments are of the costliest and most tasteful description, as well indeed they may be, since some of our most meritorious artists have been employed in the work. The carving, which is the work of Watkins & Barry, Chatham Square, is done in mahogany, but so beautiful in the gilding and bronzing, (by Riley & Boardman, 249 William street,) that it would be taken at once for solid metal.—The plating is superb, and is by George Ruff, 549 Broadway; the casting by Jamison. The painting is by Weir, and of course is excellent, as well in design as in execution. The back is painted by John Quidor, 46 Canal street, and deserves great praise. The motto of the company, "Actuated by benevolence, impelled by emulation," is not only beautifully engraved, but is much truer to the intent and nearer to the actual character of our gallant fire companies than most mottoes are. The back scene, representing the parting of Ontario and Azula, from the curse of Talhoosin, is uncommonly fine. In short the whole work reflects the highest credit, as well to the various artists who have been employed in its construction and decoration, as to the deserving company of enterprising young men to whom it belongs, and our only fear is that volunteer fires may be got up in its honor, for the temptation is certainly very great. A man would be almost willing to be partly burnt out, for the sake of seeing the flames extinguished by so superb an engine.

—N. Y. Cour. and Enq.

FRESHET.—The Wateree and its tributary streams were lately so high in the neighborhood of Camden, S. C., that no mails from the north had been received at that place for six days, and but two from the south. In attempting to cross with the southern mail, the flat boat was hurried down the river with the passengers and stage horses; the flat struck a tree and went to pieces, but the persons in the boat, together with the horses, swam on shore and were saved, with the exception of a negro man, belonging to Thomas Lang, esq., who was drowned. The mail bags were all lost but one, but we perceive, by an Augusta paper, that they have since been recovered, and Mr Thornton, the postmaster at Camden, expected to save most of the contents. The bridges and mills in the vicinity, have been either swept away entirely or materially injured.—Ib.

VIOLATION OF THE GRAVE.—Great excitement was created a short time since, at Dover, N. H., by the discovery that the body of a Mr Brown, who had died suddenly in the town of Somersworth, had been disinterred. Suspicion was fixed upon a man named Marshall, a trader, at Great Falls, and his premises were searched. While the search was going on in the cellar, Marshall was seen to manifest a good deal of solicitude about a hogshead standing in the corner, and upon opening it, the corpse was found snugly stowed away, and covered with salt. Marshall was consequently arrested.—Ib.

A MOST APPALING CALAMITY.—On the night of the 18th ult., the house of capt. John C. Kissinger, of Toby, Armstrong county, Pa., was destroyed by fire, and shocking to relate, nine of his children perished in the flames. The parents were absent on a visit some miles distant. The sufferers were from nineteen years of age, downwards. It is remarkable that the oldest child of these unhappy parents was burnt to death some years since.—Ib.

UNITED STATES' CIRCUIT COURT.—In the case of Nelson J. Elliot vs Samuel Swartwout, Collector, &c.—The plaintiff claimed \$465 94, with interest, from March and April, 1833, being, as he contended, an excess of duty which he had paid at the custom house over what ought to have been demanded, on four several importations of merino shawls, received by him in those months.—The fabric consisted of a central part, made of worsted, of a fine material and texture, with a figured border six or eight inches wide, made wholly of cotton. The collector

taxed them at 50 per cent. ad valorem, under the section of the tariff laying that duty "upon merino shawls made of wool, and all manufactures of wool, or of which wool is a component part." The plaintiff held that this provision did not apply to worsted goods, and that the shawls therefore came under the denomination of "manufactures of cotton, or of which cotton is a component part, and which are subjected to a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem." The distinction, in a commercial sense, between worsted and woollen goods, was sustained by the witnesses whose testimony was taken on the subject. Though the basis of both was wool originally, yet in the former, it first undergoes the process of combing, which causes an essential difference in the fabrics into which it is made, from those manufactured of wool prepared in the ordinary way by carding; and hence, worsted goods are not considered in commerce as "manufactures of wool." In the charge of the court, delivered by judge Thompson, the cause was made to turn upon this distinction. There being no wool in the shawls but such as had been prepared by the process of combing, it was for the jury to determine from the evidence whether or not they came under the denomination of "manufactures of wool, or of which wool is a component part." If so, the defendant must prevail; otherwise the body of the shawls must be laid out of view; and their quality, so far as custom house duties were concerned, must be determined from their borders, which would bring them under the class of goods "of which cotton is a component part," and entitle the plaintiff to recover back the excess of the duty of fifty per cent. over that of twenty-five. Exceptions to this charge were taken by the defendants' counsel. Verdict for the plaintiff, for \$500 75, being the excess above mentioned, and interest.—Ib.

JAMAICA.—We have received by the ship John W. Cater, files of Kingston papers to the 14th ultimo. The new governor, the marquis of Sligo, had arrived, and thus far is more popular than his predecessor. Details are given of an earthquake which has destroyed the city of Pasto, in New Granada, and which are truly distressing.—Ib.

NEW ORLEANS RIOTS.—Subsequently to the destruction of madame Lalaurie's house, says the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, a mob assembled for the purpose of wreaking their vengeance upon other persons accused of similar atrocities. By the joint interposition of the civil and military authorities, the crowd was dispersed and order restored. The law, we hope, will exert its full force in punishing the offenders against humanity, who have excited those outrages. Two of the negroes saved from the fire of M. Lalaurie's house are said to have since died, and that in digging up the yard, bodies have been disinterred, and condemned well having been uncovered, others, particularly that of a child, were found in it.

THE LOST MONEY FOUND.—We are happy to learn that the money, amounting to three thousand dollars, belonging to the Morris and Delaware canal company, which was lost a few days ago, has, every dollar of it, been restored. The recovery, we understand, was effected at the confessional; and it deserves to be known, that unwearied and most laudable pains have been taken by the very reverend Doctor Power, and the other Catholic clergymen in our city, for some time past, to accomplish the restoration. The company is indebted for it to the immediate instrumentality of the former gentleman.—Ib.

The rail road between Boston and Worcester is in successful operation from the former place to Newton, a distance of nine miles. The passage has been made in one instance, in twenty-one minutes, with a hundred passengers. The directors have lately adopted a vote, that no person shall be employed by the corporation, who is in the habit of using ardent spirit.

An atrocious attempt was lately made to poison judge Wallack, of Lawrence county, Lou., and his whole family. The members of the family all sickened soon after taking the poison, but happily it proved fatal to none of them. The family cook is suspected of the crime, and has been lodged in jail for trial.

The hon. George Markland, of Montreal, has suffered a severe fracture of a limb by being thrown from his horse.

LITERARY INQUIRER,
AND
Repository of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, MAY 7, 1834.

IMPORTANT TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.—It is a saying equally common and true, that no class of citizens are more exposed to fraud and deception, than publishers of newspapers and other periodicals. We, who probably issue a larger number of copies than any other weekly journal in Western New York, can not anticipate exemption from this rule; but, preferring a comparatively small number of good subscribers to ever so long a list of bad ones, and feeling no disposition to be either trifled with or imposed upon, it is our settled purpose, from this time, to publish the names of all who discontinue the Literary Inquirer without paying for the same.—Within the last few days we have received a letter from the P. M. at Lockport, informing us that *Samuel Doty*, of that village, refuses to take his paper from the office. We have also received a similar letter from the P. M. at Rochester, in relation to *Mr. Tone*, of the Franklin house. The P. M. at Jamestown states that *E. C. Westley* has run away, and that consequently the papers addressed to him lie dead in the office. The above are indebted to us \$1.00 each. To S. Doty and Mr. Tone we send a copy of this paper, free of postage, and shall be glad to hear from them immediately.

DEFINITIONS.—‘*Meta*’ is respectfully informed, that we can not, at present, command the requisite leisure to enter fully into the questions he proposes for our consideration. The best definition of *Memory* which we remember to have seen, is one describing it as an immediate knowledge of a *present thought*, involving an absolute belief that this thought represents another act of knowledge that *has been*. Perhaps *Imagination*, the other term to which he refers, may be correctly defined as an immediate knowledge of an *actual thought*, which, as not selfcontradictory, (i. e. logically possible,) involves the hypothetical belief that it *may be*, (i. e. is really possible).

It will be obvious that we use the word in its widest signification, to include conception and simple apprehension. Should ‘*Meta*’ be dissatisfied with these definitions, which are the best we can now bring to our recollection, some of our scientific readers may be able to furnish more appropriate ones. An essay or two on each subject would be inserted with pleasure. Indeed we purpose, in our next volume, to devote a larger space to interesting discussions of a scientific nature, illustrative of the various phenomena both of matter and mind. The works of nature are as yet but little known, even by the most diligent students of the various departments of science. The beauties that lie concealed in the bud, the mysterious chemistry perpetually in operation, the secrets of the earth’s bosom and of the sea’s depths,—what a source of delight may these open to the mind of the philosophical observer and intellectual student. To such investigations we shall hereafter be able to devote more attention, without at all lessening the amount of literary matter which we originally proposed to furnish.

THE LITERARY INQUIRER A CHEAP PERIODICAL.—Since puffing appears to be the order of the day with some of our most eminent literary papers, not excepting even the New York Mirror and its petty rival—the Parlor Journal, it may not be amiss to point out to our subscribers the facility with which the Literary Inquirer can absorb WHOLE VOLUMES. In this respect it will be found fully equal, if not superior, to other journals; and will even bear a comparison with Waldie’s Select Circulating Library. We hope our patrons will bear this in mind, and pay their subscriptions promptly. Let them remember, that the large amount of reading matter with which we furnish them, costs us on an average little less than twenty dollars a week for the bare composition. The advance price for the current year is in all cases preferred, but can not be received longer than the PRESENT MONTH. During the months of June and July the price will be Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; at any time afterwards the highest price (Three Dollars) will be invariably charged.

Modest!—We were not a little surprised the other day, when, on purchasing an extra copy of No. 14, a young gentleman alleged as the reason of his doing so, that the verses in it, over the signature ‘Anna,’ were written by “a particular friend of his—a certain law student of Buffalo, who had frequently enriched our columns with his valuable contributions.” In vain we attempted to dissuade our young friend from purchasing, on that ground at least, a copy of the number specified. “We told him there must be some mistake, as the verses he mentioned, had, to our certain knowledge, been written by a lady at Drummondville, U. C. Shortly afterwards, however, he returned, stating that Mr — still professed himself to be the author of the poem. If this younger young man possesses as much right to the other “valuable contributions” with which he has “enriched our columns,” as he does to the ‘Death Bed Scene,’ we can assure him that we exceedingly admire the strength of his imagination!

Congress is still occupied with the subject of the depositories. The senate had not come to a decision on the motion relative to the protest of the president.

Both houses of the LEGISLATURE had agreed to adjourn on the 6th inst. The bill to incorporate the Commercial Bank of Buffalo having passed the senate, whose amendments were concurred in by the house, it is now a law. On the 29th ult. the assembly rejected the bill to increase the salaries of the chancellor and the judges. On the 1st inst. it passed the bill to provide for the improvement of the canals of this state.

We are requested to state, that the MONTHLY LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE will be delivered on Thursday (tomorrow) evening, by Mr DANIEL BOWEN, at the Brick School House on the Flatt. Punctual attendance at half past 7 is desired.

The British government having decided to break up its naval establishment on the Canadian inland waters, a great sale of naval stores is advertised to take place in Montreal on 12th inst.

Learning, on inquiry at the post office, that a much larger number of mails than we expected leave Buffalo on the morning of publication day, we shall be unable to fulfil the intention expressed in our fourteenth number.

Advertisements.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the Painting business, under the firm of *Wilgus & Burton*, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The unsettled affairs of the late firm will be closed by D. Burton, and the business of *Painting, Glazing, &c.*, in all its various branches, will be continued by N. Wilgus, at the old stand, No. 213 Main street.

NATHANIEL WILGUS.
DARIUS BURTON.

Buffalo, April 1, 1834. 10th

DOCTOR T. P. WHIPPLE,
At Foster’s Hotel,
BLACK ROCK, N. Y.

M. LONG’S Store of Watches, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, Piano Forte Music, &c., &c., No. 143 Main street.

N. B. Watches and Clocks of every description Repaired on short notice and warranted. 11th

PIDDINGTON & HUMPHRY, Merchant Tailors, No. 8 Ellicot square, gratefully acknowledge the liberal support they have received from their friends and the public, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. Orders executed at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Buffalo, March 12. 10th

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—These publications consist of Scripture Biography, Sacred Geography, Lives of Martyrs, Juvenile Biography, Sacred History, Missionary Biography, Lives of Piou Men, Helps for Teachers, Books, Cards, &c., for infant Schools, and Picture Books for small children, ornamented with numerous wood cuts and engravings. Published in the American S. S. Union, and for sale by J. C. MEERS, No. 3, Eagle Building, Buffalo.

CUTLER’S CABINET & CHAIR WAREHOUSE, No. 8, Ellicot Square, Main st.—The above rooms are now filled with an assortment of furniture not surpassed in any place as to durability and fashion. The following can be furnished at all times:—French, Ottoman and Grecian Sofas; Couches, Chaise, Lounge, pier, loo, centre, card, dressing, dining, tea, work, drawing, writing and sideboard Tables; dressing and drawingroom Commodes; dressing Bureaus and Glasses; Library, book and paper Cases; Music Stands and Stools; Foot Stools; basin and washstand Stands; French, high-post, tent, field, dome, fancy and lowpost Bedsteads; mahogany and black walnut French Chairs; Boston Rocking Chairs; splendid article; fancy and Windsor Chairs of every description; Settees, and Settee Cradles; Writing Stools; cane Chair Seats, of every description; mahogany Planks, Boards and Veneers; black walnut Veneers; cherry and walnut Boards; Copal Varnish; Hatters’ Blocks, for finishing and coloring. Turnings done to order on short notice. Bed posts and table legs on hand at all times. A liberal discount made to those who purchase chairs to sell again.

A. CUTLER. 10th

Buffalo, March 12.

BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY, No. 214 Main st.—Oliver G. Steel, is now receiving and orders for the sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond any thing ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all sizes and prices.

School Books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted in schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at Steel’s Bookstore, where they can be furnished on better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square, Providence, R. I. Terms, two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will receive a seventh copy gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid, to

J. KNOWLES & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

THE CINCINNATI MIRROR is published every Saturday morning, on a fine super royal sheet, in the quarto form, convenient for being bound. The paper for a year will make a handsome volume of 412 large pages, including the titlepage and index, which will be furnished with the last number of the volume. Advertisements are excluded. The subscription price is two dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance; three dollars payable, any time within six months after the time of subscribing. When the above terms are not complied with, and the publishers have to employ a collector, three dollars and fifty cents will be invariably demanded.

SHREVE & GALLAGHER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND PARENTS.—As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries, or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 235 volumes, amounting to 25,300 pages, bound in fancy colored leather backs and corners, with marble covers. These volumes contain 1800 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 100 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2050 pages, with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$1.40. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are not included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c., are not placed in the regular series; such as the Bible Dictionary, Geography, Psalmsody, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good paper; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the committee of publication, composed of an equal number of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches.

For the sum of \$42.40, the above 332 works can be procured by any Sunday School, and Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by an individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$2 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library, embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household! How many thousand little companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction! How many thousand sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices’ libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the family and individuals they go among!

Orders, with particular directions as to the mode of conveying the books, will meet with prompt attention, if addressed to FREDERICK W. PORTER, Corresponding Secretary, American Sunday School Union, No. 136 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

GRANVILLE INSTITUTION.—*Preparatory Department.* In this attention is given to the clementine and common branches of English, and to Greek and Latin by those who wish to be fitted for college. This department comprises one designed specially for boys of tender age. Such are entrusted to the care and supervision of a teacher and guardian, who is devoted exclusively to their interests, spending his time with them, day and night, with paternal solicitude and affection.

English Department. In this can be obtained either the whole or any portion of the mathematical and English part of a collegiate education. It also affords facilities for acquiring the qualifications suitable for the business of teaching.

Collegiate Department. The course of instruction is intended to be worthy of its name. The requisites for membership in the freshman class are similar to those adopted by the best colleges. Much greater regard, however, is had to the *quality*, than to the *quantity*, of the preparation. The freshman class has completed half its year. It is accessible, at all times, by persons duly qualified to take its advanced standing. The higher classes will be successively organized on the annual promotion of this from an inferior to a superior grade. Commencement is on the second Wednesday in August.

Manual Labor Department. This is considered as including all the resident students, who are required to be daily occupied more or less in some kind of work. A cooperage has been fitted up, which affords ample employment to the freshmen class and to several other individuals; and measures are concerted for more extensive accommodations in this business. Carpenters, joiners and farmers will find employment in their respective calling.

Expenses for a term of twenty weeks. Tuition, \$2.00; board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$27.00; accommodations for studying in private rooms, to one not a boarder, \$2.00; incidental to one not a boarder, studying in the preparatory room, \$0.75; whole expense for tuition, board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$35.00 a term, or \$70.00 a year, exclusive of vacations. Those who board at the institution in time of vacation, will be charged at the same rate as in term time, with the exception of tuition. No deduction for absence will be made on the tuition of students in the collegiate department. Any student entering or leaving the school during the progress of a half term, will be charged the whole amount of tuition for such half term. No deduction for absence will be made on the board of any student, provided he be not absent more than a week at any one time, nor even then without a satisfactory reason for such absence. The payment of all bills is required in advance.

The next term will commence on Thursday, the 30th of March.

JOHN PRATT, President.

Granville, Licking County, Ohio, February, 1834.

JUST RECEIVED at the Buffalo Book Store, 204 Main street; *Albums*, an elegant article; *Parchment*; *Analysis*; *Adams’ Grammar*; *Bridgewater Treatise*; *Mechanism of the Hand*, by Sir Charles Bell. *Physical condition of Man*, by John Kidd; *Astronomy and general Physics*, by the Rev. W. Wellcome; *A. W. WILGUS*.

Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

Poetry.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

The breeze was light, the air was balm,
The sun was sinking to his rest,
And pure and peaceful was the calm
Which lay on Nature's tranquil breast.
Wafted on wings of gossamer,
Bright clouds were floating in the air,
And the warm sun's amazement glow
Hung needling on their breasts of snow.
Beneath their thin transparent veil,
The silver moon rose faint and pale,
Half seen, half hid in purple haze,
And shrinking from the rival blaze
Which shot a thousand burning dyes,
Ruby and sapphire o'er the skies.

And lovely was the scene displayed,
Beneath that beauteous canopy,
In fair, though simple, garb arrayed,
Harmonious to the gazer's eye.
No mountains towering high to heaven,
Round whose tall heads the lightnings roll,
No barren rocks by tempests riven,
Spoke awe's stern language to the soul;
But peace and plenty seemed to dwell
In that sequestered quiet dell.
I stood upon a verdant mound,
With beech and clustering hazel crowned,
And far surveyed the prospect round.
O'er yellow beds of ripening corn
Started with green luxuriant thorn,
O'er waving wood and swelling hill,
And many a gentle meadow vall,
I gazed in silence—all was fair—
But fairest one dear village shone—
There was my home, my birthplace there,
There all I loved to muse upon.
Embosomed deep in bowering shade,
Which many a goodly elm beavoured,
Or scattered down the varied glade,
Each humble cottage smiling stood.
And at my feet the temple lay,
Within whose walls I knelt to pray,
The morning of that summer's day.

It was the day when labors cease;—
The day of holiness and peace,
Which gives the peasant of the soil
Sweet respite from his weekly toil,
The joys of tranquil ease to know,
And loses the hand from which they flow.
How oft amid the cares of life,
Its noise, its business, and its strife,
Does that sure hope of Sabbath rest,
Calm the tired limb and throbbing breast?
How oft has meek Contentment's child,
Found the lone hour of toil beguiled,
So cheerily it passed away,
In thinking of the Sabbath day!
For then his simple soul is free
For exercise of piety,
Fervent in hope, subdued in fear,
And unassuming as sincere.
And then, oh then, 'tis to prove
The precious joys of home and love,
Joys dear to every child of earth,
But sweetest by the rustic's hearth!
For some delight in sinful ease,
Some follow Wealth's or Glory's call,—
The peasant's luxuries are these,
His only wealth, his pride, his all!

And this had been the welcome dawn,
And now the wished for joys were given:—
Each cottager that happy morn
Had paid his grateful vows to heaven;
By the shrill bell's harmonious peal
Assembling in the house of prayer,
His past offences to bewail,
And seek the mercy proffered there.
And now beneath the setting sun,
The Christian's course of duty run,
Blithe mirth and harmless frolic meet,
And through the peaceful village street.
Beside his jasmine tufted door
See you gray patriarch, reading loud
Some moving tale of sacred lore,
The wonder of the listening crowd.
His wife is sitting at his side—
His children climb their father's knee—
Oh, where can happiness abide!
Unless in such a home it be?
Can Guilt, I cried, can envious Pain
Pollute a scene so fair as this,
Or here does Innocence remain—
Sweet Innocence, and tranquil bliss?

Why fell you volume to the ground?
Why droops the Sire! why crowd they round?
That Sire had once a daughter fair,
With laughing eyes and flaxen hair,
Blithe as the merry bounding roe,
And spotless as the virgin snow.
And now she sleeps the tomb within,
Victim of treachery and sin!—
Perchance a passage in the book,
Perchance a word, or tender look,
Recalled the memory of his child,
E'en so she spoke, e'en so she smiled!

Sweet Innocence!—oh! 'tis a name,—
A lingering, flickering, dying flame,
A vision Earth shall never see,
A shadow of futurity!
And Happiness! a gorgeous prize,
Hung dazzling still before our eyes,
And ever seen, and ever sought,
And often grasped, but never caught!
For this he braves the stormy flood,
For this he braves the stormy flood,
And danger's thousand shapes defies,
But still the faithless tempter flies.
The votaries of Fame and Health,
The slaves of Pleasure and of Wealth,
All seek the port which none may gain,
All toil for bliss, but toil in vain,
And waste the narrow span of life
In fond pursuit and endless strife.

Yet well I ween that Patriarch gray
Has trod a sure path than they,
And well I ween when life is o'er,
The phantom Hope shall cheat no more,
But Heaven's own happiness shall prove
The Christian's blest reward above.
Oh! high and glorious is the need,
And peaceful are the ways which lead
To that sure haven! Joy shall come
A welcome guest to Virtue's home,
For she can scatter rose and geranium
On sorrow's thorny diadem.
Then how can Man be led astray,
So mild a mistress to betray;
And at his soul's immortal price,
Buy Misery, the child of Vice!

Musing I stood—and as I spake,
I marked with passive eye
Beside me in the tangled brake,
A wild flower clustering high.
Its dark and glossy leaves were spread
In graceful arches round my head,
The twisted thorns among,
And scarlet fruit and purple bloom,
With rich festoons of sweet perfume,
The glittering branches hung.
Oh, who with steadfast gaze could view
That tempting loveliness of hue,
Nor feel as very children do?
Yet many a step which once was light
Upon the village green,
But for that fruit which shines so bright,
Might still adorn the scene.

And many a brother who was fair
And pure as aught forgiven,
But for the smiles which Sin can wear,
Had been a saint in heaven!

The sun had sunk behind the hill.—
The village revelry was still:
When through the churchyard home I went
On solemn thoughts intent
Among the silent dead,
And felt, that in that very spot,
—A little time—it matters not,
Hours, days, or years—and I shall be
To others what they are to me,
And in as cold a bed—
Upon that awful mystery
Of life and death I pondered,
And my weak spirit wondered
How things like these should be.

I sat upon a rustic seat,
And in the rank grass at my feet,
Within a floweret's germ,
There lay a little worm;
And in a silken cell,
The little worm did dwell,
Clothed in a scaly shell,
Without a sound or breath,
As motionless as death.—
Once in another form,
That cold and torpid worm,
Among the leaves around,
His food and pastime found,
And in another form,
That cold and torpid worm
Translated to the skies,
All beautiful shall rise,
Soaring on purple wing,
Companion of the spring.

The silent lesson did restore
My wavering faith which shook before;
And shadowed in the insect's span,
I read the fate of man.
Like him we live—like him we come
To the same cold and narrow home.—
And oft when I arise like thee,
Blessed insect! may it be
Soaring on a wing as bright,
To the realms of endless light.

A man was lately sentenced to death in Pendleton, S. Carolina, for "inveigling, stealing and carrying away a negro slave."

At a late sale of negroes in Savannah, Ga., seventeen brought \$9,175, averaging within a fraction of five hundred and forty dollars each. The highest price paid was six hundred and sixty five dollars.

The prospect of the crops in parts of North Carolina and Virginia are rather disheartening, in consequence of the late heavy rains and flooding of the low grounds.

The great sculptor, Thorvaldsen, at Rome, while on the top of a high ladder modelling the head of a colossal horse, was so absorbed with his work that he slipped his foot, and would inevitably been dashed to the ground, but for his presence of mind in seizing hold of the horse's ear.

The city of Pittsburg with its suburban adjuncts, Alleganytown, Birmingham, &c. contains a population of thirty thousand souls.

The mountains in the neighborhood of Aurora, Geo. were covered with snow on the 10th April.

The schooner *Dolanium* of Baltimore, bound from that port to Charleston, with a cargo of corn, whiskey, &c. was lost on the 8th of April, fifteen miles south of Cape Henry. The captain (Green) had been washed overboard on the 4th and drowned.

A fire occurred in a bakery at Natchitoches on the 30th ult., and before it was extinguished seven or eight houses were burned; among which were the stores of Messrs M'Welch, Dabney, A. Joseph and M. Despollier. The loss is estimated at nearly \$30,000.

The Secretary of the commonwealth has given notice that proposals will be received at Harrisburg, until the 5th of June next, for loaning to the state, for internal improvement purposes, the sum of \$600,000. Also that proposals will be received until the 10th of July, for loaning to the commonwealth the additional sum of \$1,665,400, as authorized by the act of assembly of 5th April, 1834.

A sad accident occurred on the river near Tarrytown on Sunday, by the upsetting of a boat. The boat contained six persons; four of whom saved themselves by clinging to the boat or swimming to the shore, but the remaining two, G. W. Whipple and G. W. Van Wart, were drowned.

Shad are selling at \$3 and \$4 the hundred in the Philadelphia market.

An insurance company has been established at Havana, the first institution of the kind in that place.

The court of oyer and terminer of Philadelphia was engaged on Wednesday and Thursday in the trial of Felix Murray for the murder of Joseph Sutcliffe, who returned a verdict of *guilty*, at nine in the evening, after half an hour's deliberation. Sutcliffe was a painter.

The governor of Florida, has offered a reward of \$200, and the citizens of Tallahassee the like sum, for the apprehension of two fugitives, charged with the murder of James Roundtree.

The bank committee are, we believe, says the Philadelphia Courier, all in this city. We do not learn that they have yet entered upon the business of their commission.

The Easton Whig nominates the hon. John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, for the office of president of the United States, and hon. Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, for vice president.

Calvin Barret, of Springfield, Mass. has been committed to jail in that town, on the charge of having counterfeited the name of John Bessey as surety to a note of five hundred dollars.

A law of Louisiana imposes a fine of \$200 upon any person who sells spirituous liquor to a slave.

Jacob Knapp, of Adrian, Missouri, was lately killed by lightning. He was out hunting, and took refuge under a tree, where the electric fluid was attracted by the barrel of his rifle.

A singular incident has occurred at Fayetteville, N. C. Some persons had been amusing themselves by worrying an ox that had been confined in a wagon yard for the purpose of being fattened, and they had employed for this purpose an old coat. After the ox had become much incensed, an individual put on the coat and salled into the yard, when the ox made at him, and followed him up a flight of stairs, into the second story. Here missing the object of his pursuit, he bolted through a window, and came down into the street, considerably injured by the fall, about 15 feet.

The state of Illinois has a fund of \$2,000,000 devoted exclusively to the purposes of public education—which sum is now bearing interest.

The legislature of Pennsylvania have unanimously adopted a resolution declaring that whereas an application is now pending in congress for the repeal or reduction of the duty on Nova Scotia and Liverpool coal, it would be, in their opinion, against the best policy of the country to repeat the duty on foreign coal; but that if any alterations be made, it should be rather to increase the duty than diminish it.

It appears by accounts from Bridgetown, New Jersey, that an extensive fire had been raging for two days in the woods in Fairfield and Down Townships, covering an extent of country of seven or eight miles. It is also stated that a destructive fire was raging near Allowaystown, in Salem county, which had already destroyed a large quantity of wood.

A serious riot (says the Boston Post) took place among the laborers on the rail road, in Mansfield, on Monday. About four hundred of them struck for higher wages, armed themselves with clubs, and attacked one of the contractors, whose life was put in imminent peril. The high sheriff of Norfolk, with the assistance of a company of militia, succeeded in arresting nine of the ringleaders, who were lodged in the gaol at Dedham. Mr. L. Sweet, a deputy sheriff of the county, also called out a company of militia, and arrested six of the rioters, who were also committed under arms until Tuesday, when order was fully restored.

On Tuesday, at Albany, a black man was arrested on a charge of being a slave. While in the hands of an officer, he was rescued by a party of about one hundred blacks, placed in a carriage, and driven out of town.

A young lady, named Spencer, of Fayette, Missouri, has recovered a judgment of 5000 dollars of Mr. Allen D. Green, for a breach of marriage contract.

In a quarrel at Jersey city on Tuesday, between a young man and the keeper of a grocery store, the former was killed.

John H. Eaton has been appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the senate, to be governor of the territory of Florida, to succeed governor Duval, whose term of service has expired. The nomination, made to the senate some days ago, was confirmed on Thursday.

The Arkansas Gazette of the 15th ult. furnished information of the death of Lieut. Wm Bradford, of the United States Dragoons, by the accidental discharge of one of his pistols whilst placing them in the holsters, preparatory to mounting his horse. His remains were carried to and interred at Fort Gibson.

We learn by the Mobile papers that the new steam boat Protector, has been entirely destroyed by fire. She was on the return from her first trip up the Alabama river, and was lying at James' Landing, thirty or forty miles below Clarendon, where she was receiving cotton. The fire broke out in the hold, and when first discovered was so far advanced that it was impossible to subdue it. The passengers were all saved, though a part of their baggage was lost. The total loss is estimated at \$20,000, and no insurance.

Mr Thomas Scarlet, aged eighty years, while attempting to cross the river, at Hillsborough, N. C. on horseback, fell from his horse, and was drowned.

The dwellinghouse of Dr Mundy, Woodbridge, N. J. was struck with lightning, a few days since, and burnt to the ground, together with its contents.

An individual has undertaken to light the city of New Orleans with gas, and has succeeded in obtaining from the city councils a loan of twenty thousand dollars to aid him in the enterprise.

The steamboat Genesee, capt. Weed, has commenced her trips between Rochester and Genesee. She went from Genesee to Rochester in 6 hours.

It is stated in the Natchez Journal that there were on the 28th ult., thirteen persons confined in the jail of that town for murder, five of whom were under sentence of death. One, who would have made the fourteenth, died the day before. There were two others under sentence of death for burglary.

Elder Charles Giles, a Baptist preacher of Whitesborough, in this state, has recovered the sum of \$2500 from David L. Madison, of that place, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

Elijah Drew, lately convicted in the mayor's court of Philadelphia, of forgery, has been sentenced to ten years confinement in the penitentiary.

The Chelsrudford glass works have been shut up and the workmen discharged.

The rev. B. O. Peers, has been removed from the presidency of Transylvania university. He has appealed to the public through the columns of a newspaper, against the manner of proceeding against him.

A young lady of Sumterville, S. C., lately brought her action of slander against an individual of that place, for having circulated reports against the chastity of the plaintiff. The jury returned a verdict of \$1000 damages, which may be considered a very exemplary one, as the defendant is poor.

The cashier of the Union bank of Tennessee, cautions the public against receiving post notes of that bank, numbered from 2601 to 2800, which were stolen from the bank.

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